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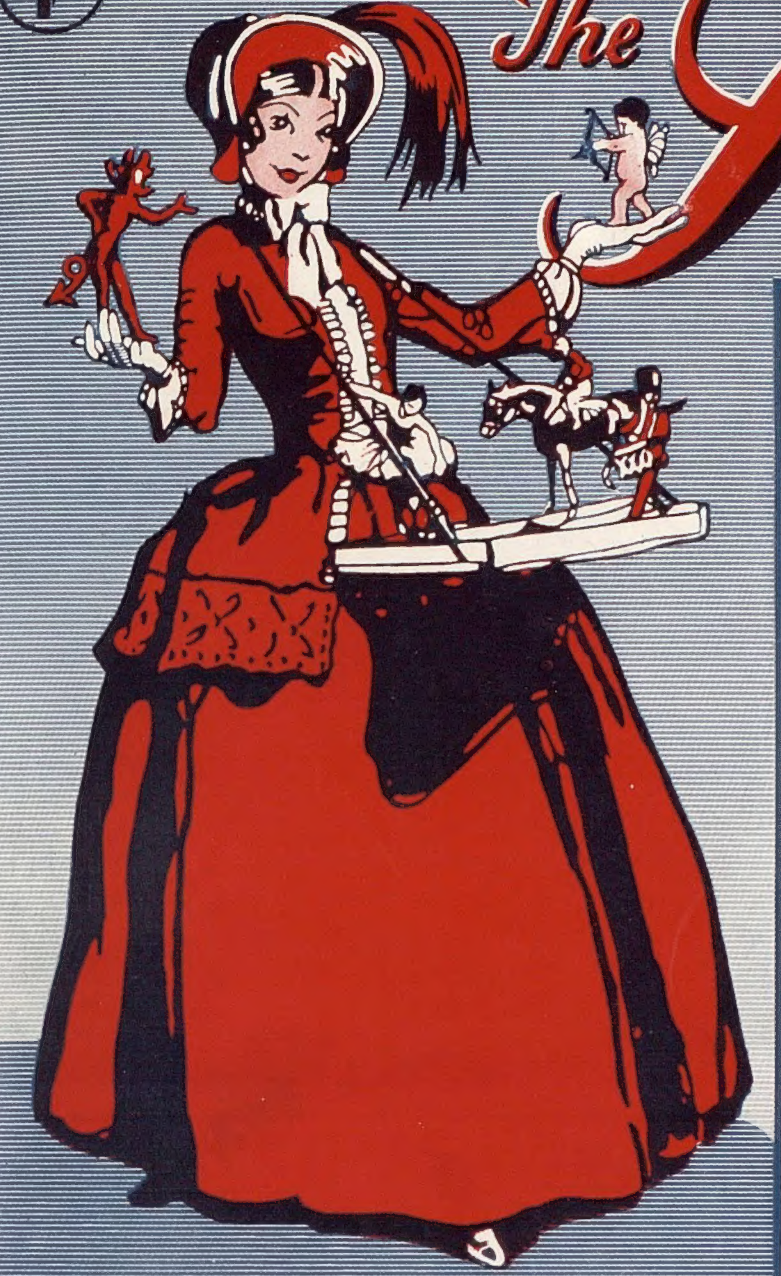
The Sketch



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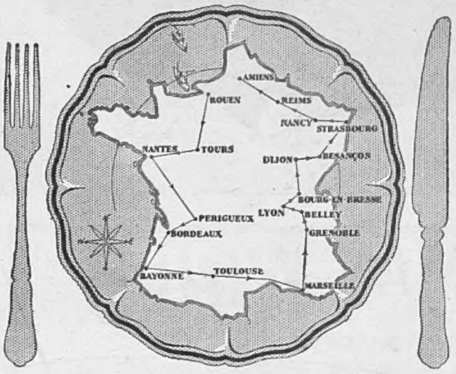

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The Sketch

No. 2340 — Vol. CLXXX. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1937. ONE SHILLING

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM DAVIS.

HOW TO LOOK PLEASANT IN DIFFICULT CIRCUMSTANCES!

THE MERRIEL ABBOTT GIRLS, *who are having a success at the Dorchester, are here giving a lesson in how to look pleasant in what would be, to most people, difficult circumstances! As a matter of fact, "Les Girls" are so fit that exercises of this kind don't call for great effort on their part. They just go smiling through them. Elsewhere in this issue we illustrate the strenuous daily programme these charming young artists have to follow.*

"MUGGING-UP" HISTORY AND MATHS. IN STAGE MAKE-UP:

Left: Massage for the feet and legs is an important item in the day's work.

Below: Merriel Abbott Girls have to be well educated. Botany 's one of the subjects they study during their daily school hours.

The MERRIEL ABBOTT GIRLS, *now appearing in Cabaret at the Dorchester prepare their own simple breakfast of coffee and fruit at 8 a.m.*

THE CLEVER MERRIEL ABBOTT GIRLS, now at the Dorchester, are talented dancers, graceful, sophisticated and well-drilled. But let no one imagine that they lead a carefree existence! They are aged from 16 to 21; and their daily programme is as serious as the strictest headmistress of a Girls' School could desire. They rise early and hurry to their

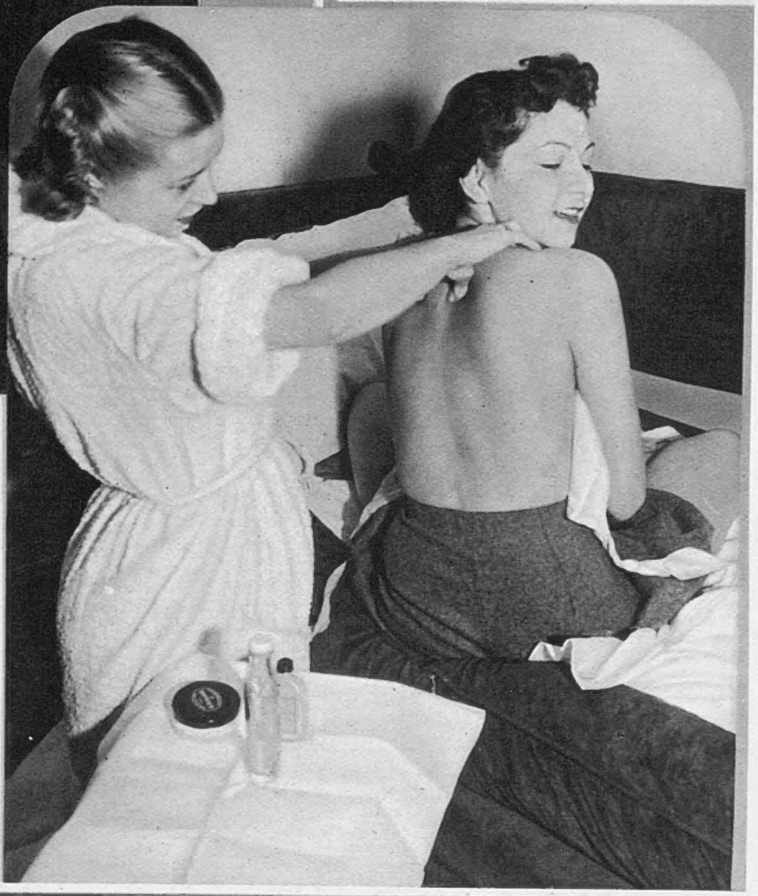
Left: Believe it or not, the Merriel Abbott artists settle down to " mug-up " their home-work in between shows at the Dorchester!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

CABARET GIRLS OFF-STAGE AT CLASSES AND AS COOKS.

Right: Voice training is in the curriculum for the cabaret girls.

Below: Here they are having fruit and coffee in their apartment before beginning their day of school study and cabaret shows!



After the feet have been massaged it's the turn of the shoulders.

chemistry, geometry, history, geography, algebra or botany classes at the Polytechnic. They have a daily massage, French and singing lessons, and a rehearsal to fit in as well as their two shows, and they do their school home-work between cabarets, "mugging-up" history and maths. with concentration and diligence, with their stage make-up on, in pyjamas or négligés.

Right: Here the whole troupe of eleven charming and accomplished cabaret girls are having their daily French lesson.

WILLIAM DAVIS

MOTLEY NOTES.

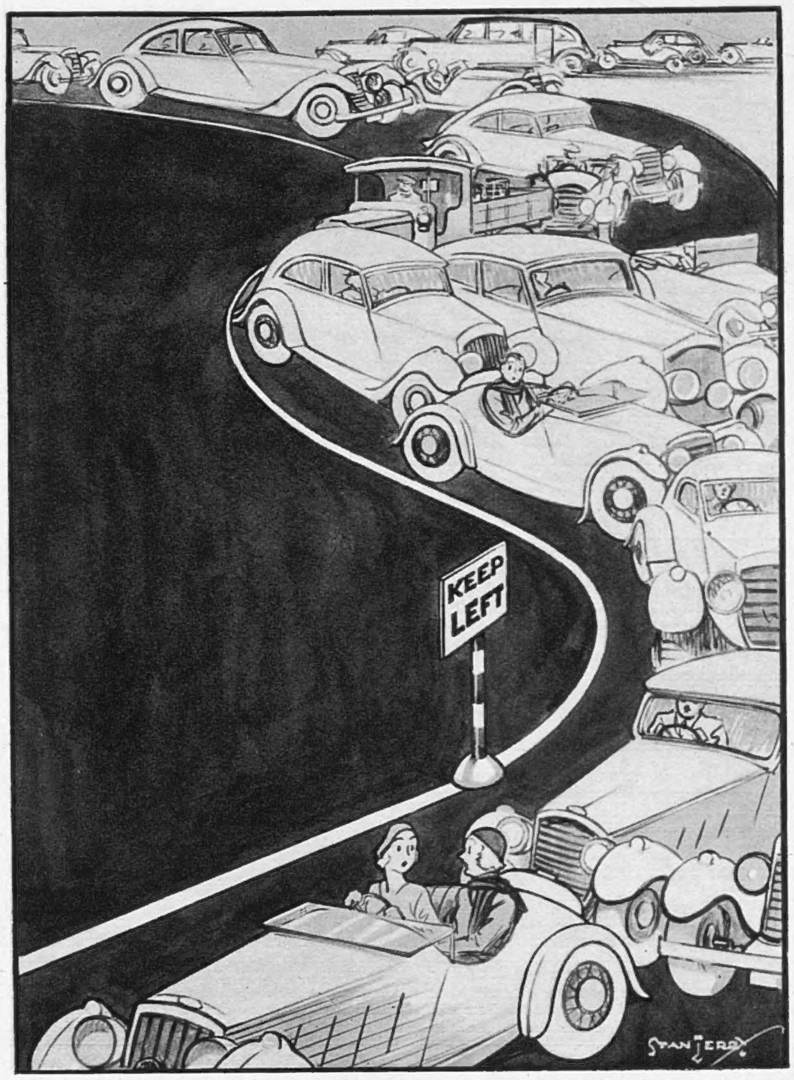
By ALAN KEMP.

WRONG AGAIN!

THE late Lord Salisbury once observed: "If you trust the doctors, nothing is wholesome; if you believe the theologians, nothing is innocent; if you believe the soldiers, nothing is safe." He might perhaps have added: "If you believe the lawyers, nothing is legal; and if you listen to the politicians, nothing is practical politics."

The noble Marquess evidently did not believe very strongly in the Collective Security of the human race. The moral of his remarks seems to be: Live dangerously! Make up your mind, do what you think is sensible, and be blowed to it! Don't run away from a lobster—it only encourages lobsters, to run away from them! Make a frontal attack on it—defy it to produce nightmare, and ignore all that the doctor said about lobster. You will probably find that that is what the doctor himself does in private life, so that if you err, you will err in good company.

It is all very well in theory, but it takes a good deal of courage to flout the combined forces of doctors, theologians, soldiers, and all the rest of them. There is always somebody ready to say: "I told you so!" The more we learn, the more civilised we become, the more difficult it seems for us to do anything right. I was reading a book the other day by a learned person who, being an anthropologist, knows a lot about the past of the human race and is worried about its future. He says that we are all on the wrong lines, and that science, which thinks itself very clever at looking after our health, is very bad for us all and is, in fact, merely undermining our constitutions. Why? Because it is *lengthening our lives*. It has, within the last fifty years, owing to the conquest of certain diseases, lengthened the average expectation of life by from ten to fifteen years. And that, says this ingenious author, is going to be the ruin of us all.



"DON'T LOOK ROUND, BUT I BELIEVE WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!"

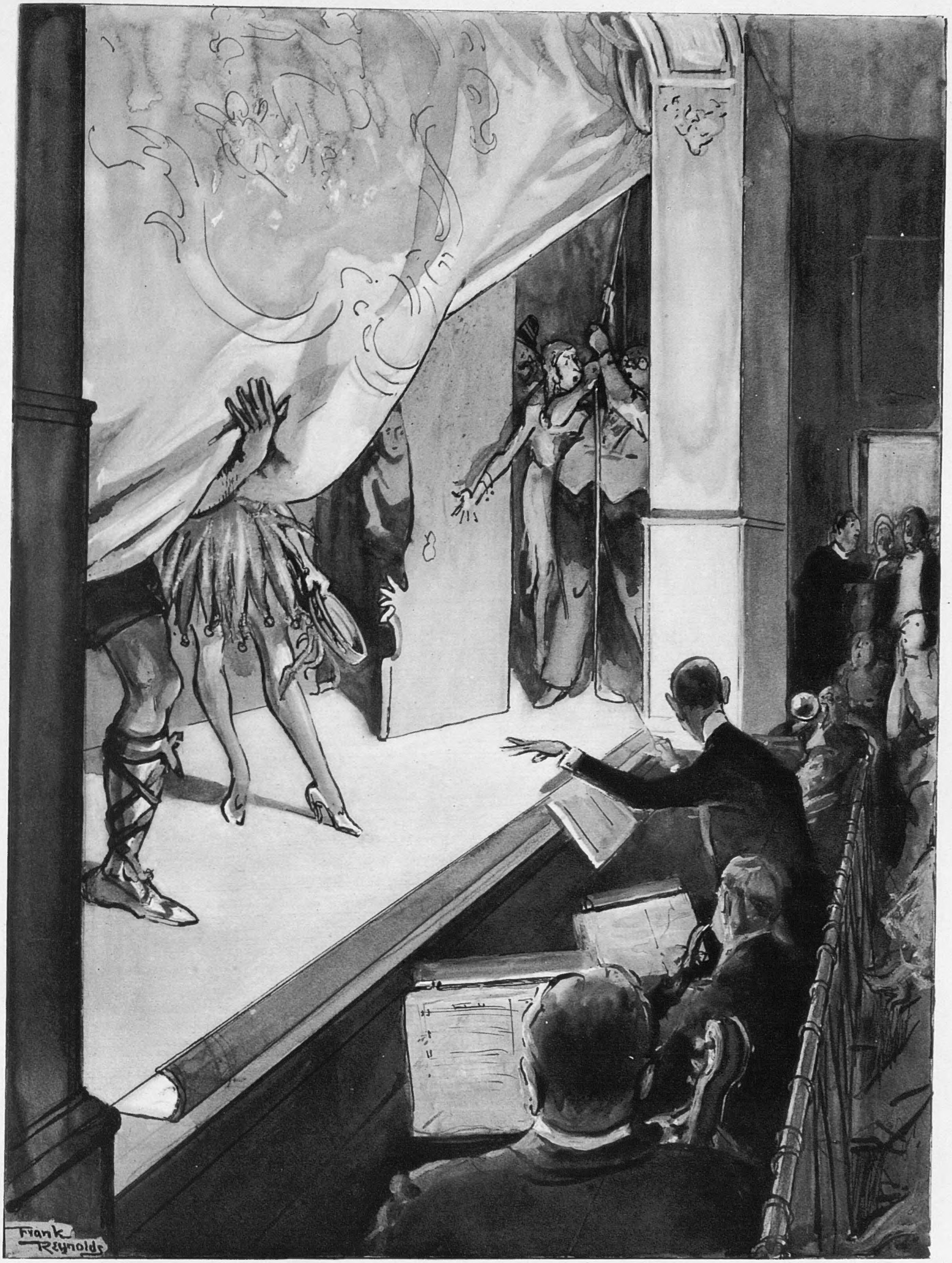
DRAWN BY STAN TERRY.

The train of thought may not be obvious to you, but that is only because you imagine that it is a healthy thing to live to a green old age. That's just where you are wrong! What about the survival of the fittest? The strong stocks, such as anthropologists love to collect in their museums, have become strong because the beefy ones have survived, while the puny ones have just faded away, apparently unregretted by anybody. Now, if you save all the Punies and lengthen life all round, it follows that you won't get a race of Beefies, but a race consisting of a certain number of thoroughbreds mixed up with a lot of also-rans who bring down the average. This does not suit anthropologists at all; it is contrary to all their principles to find people who ought, by rights, to be dead, having the impertinence to go on living. That sort of thing can only lead to confusion and degeneration.

It is all very difficult, and, I repeat, we moderns don't seem able to do right, whichever line we take. We clearly cannot please the doctors and the anthropologists at the same time. For many centuries, our ancestors accepted the frightful scourges which devastated humanity as a sort of dispensation of Providence—accepted them with humble resignation, and did not attempt to do very much about them. Then somebody invented germs, and somebody else invented antisepsis, and all sorts of marvellous things were done in laboratories and clinics and operating theatres, and the doctors were very proud of the fact that they were lengthening life and curing this and that; and we all thought that we were getting on splendidly. And now it appears that our benighted ancestors were right after all, and that we should do far better in the long run if we let nature take its course and did not attempt to shirk the things that are sent to try us.

It is the same with this business of "resistance." In the days of our great-grandfathers and even of our grandfathers, it was no joke to be ill, even with the slightest ailment. The doctors set to work on you with a will; they bled you and blistered you and filled you up with drugs of a highly volcanic nature; it was kill or cure, with a vengeance, and the patient, if he had any spirit at all, got well in sheer desperation. Even in those days, so near our own times, there were old-fashioned doctors who were still prescribing for their patients things like "a pigeon's-heart, split and roasted and laid at the end of the bed," or "the body of a newt caught by moonlight, dried and ground to powder," and all sorts of things reminiscent of the Three Weird Sisters' appetising recipes. You will find lots of these "cures" in old (and not so very old) books of family medicine; and they are really not much worse than carrying a piece of potato in your pocket to keep off the rheumatism. We know much better than all that nowadays, and we smile pityingly at the superstitious barbarism of our forebears. We have just as many "cures," but they are all "scientific." They are invented by highly-skilled persons in laboratories, and chemists' shops are full of them. There is a cure or a preventive for everything, and the doctor no longer has to write out a prescription in illegible Latin—he merely sends you round to the chemist to get Messrs. So-and-So's admirable preparation. If you are lacking in vitamins, or thyroid, or chalk, or hæmoglobin, or corpuscles, or phagocytes, or iron, or steel, or ferro-concrete, all you have to do is to get a bottle of the required substance in convenient tablet form. Children are simply stuffed with all these pep-givers and life-savers. There is no excuse for being ill at all! And what is the result? Voices are raised in solemn warning that we are "weakening our resistance." The more artificial resistance we pump into ourselves, the less we are able to resist; and the moment we leave off our tablets, we shall be caught out by a germ which we could have beaten easily if we had never taken any tablets!

I ask you, what is a chap to do? These scientists are extraordinarily difficult people to please. I suppose it comes down to this, that, while the scientists are arguing it out, you and I must just use our common sense and take a chance. But, mark my words, whatever we do will be *wrong*!



THE BRISTLEWOODS.

On "The Night," Mr. Bristlewood thinks it high time to drop the curtain on Mrs. Bristlewood.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE LAST OF THE FLAT IN THE SOUTH.

Left : SIR BROGRAVE *and* LADY EVELYN BEAUCHAMP *were among the enthusiastic race-goers who attended the last Lingfield meeting on the flat. Lady Evelyn is the only sister of the Earl of Carnarvon.*

MISS ANGELA TOD *and* MR. MICHAEL WEAVER *were snapped in the paddock.*

Left : MRS. MICHAEL STRATTON *and* MISS BETTY STYLE *were two of the well-turned-out race-goers.*

Right : MRS. JAMES MARSHALL FIELD, *formerly Miss Audrey James, wore a warm fur coat over a striped tweed suit.*

The HON. MRS. CECIL LOMAX, *and her sister, the* HON. MRS. D'ARCY LAMBTON, *daughters of Lord and Lady Hampden.*

MRS. CLIVE GRAHAM, *formerly Miss Dorothy North, wore a green tweed outfit made with a cape effect.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

TO MARRY THE QUEEN'S SECRETARY: MISS JANE STEPHENSON.

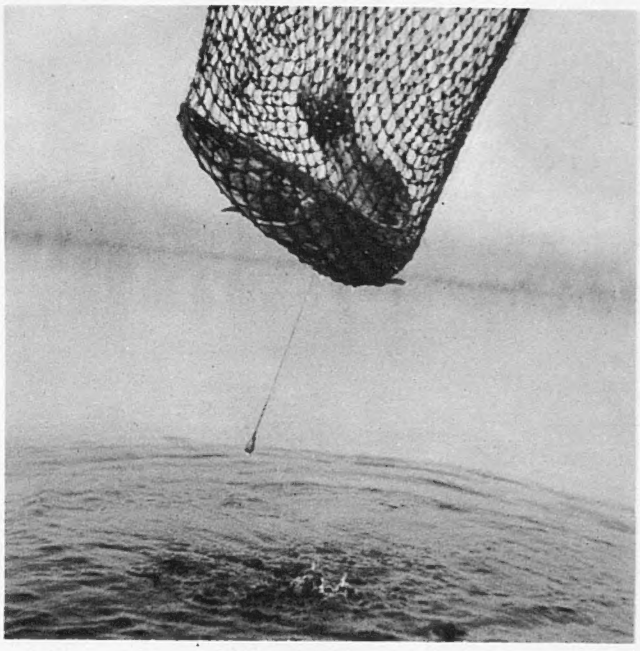
The marriage of MISS JANE STEPHENSON, *daughter of the late Sir Guy Stephenson, C.B., and of Lady Stephenson, to Captain Richard J. Streatfeild, Royal Artillery, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Streatfeild, is fixed for December 9. It will take place at the beautiful little church at Chiddingstone, the home of Colonel Sir Henry Streatfeild, uncle of the bridegroom; and the honeymoon is to be spent at Newtimber Place, Hassocks, the seat of Lady Buxton. Captain Streatfeild was appointed Private Secretary to H.M. the Queen last August.*

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

ANOTHER season has passed without any success with the tunny off Cornwall, despite the fact that a number of anglers have tried every dodge they can think of to hook these tantalising fish. As the conditions for tunny-fishing at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, resemble more closely the conditions in Cornwall than in the North Sea, it is worth while copying any methods that are practised there, in the hope of hitting on something that will give results here. At Wedgeport the tunny are found in the tide-rip, but only show on the surface on the change of the tide. Two methods of fishing are used—trolling in the rip, or holding the boat in the rip with the engine going and bringing the tunny to the boat by throwing over herrings. The latest wheeze for this "chumming" is to string a dozen or more herrings on to a length of line and trail it behind the boat. The tunny come up and snap the herrings off the line. Mr. Kip Farrington, who describes the method in *Field and Stream*, states that it is called the "grape vine," and must be a good idea, as a large majority of the 300 tunny caught in the Wedgeport rip last summer were caught with the help of this device. According to Mr. Farrington, piano-wire can be used for trolling, but it is too conspicuous for still fishing, which requires a medium-sized hook and stainless cable trace. From accounts I have had of the Cornish tunny, they are spread over a wide area and cannot be located so easily as those in Nova Scotia.

MR. WARREN WILLIAM, *fishing in Campbell River, British Columbia, caught* THIS 45-LB. SALMON.

Preserving Eels to Improve Trout-Fishing. Not very long ago I referred to a belief that the deterioration of trout-fishing in an Irish lough was due to the killing-off of most of the eels; the idea being that while the eels were plentiful they commandeered the food on the ground floor, and the trout were obliged to see what they could find up above. With the eels out of the way, the trout are able to get an easy living on the bottom and run little risk of picking up a fly with a hook in it. This theory is to be put to the test on Lough Arrow. At a recent meeting of the local preservation society, Lord Kingston proposed that eel-fishing shall not be allowed for five years, on the grounds that the taking of eels from the lake is supposed to keep the trout from surface-feeding. Dr. Madden seconded the proposal and it was passed. The result will be followed with great interest, as there is generally a tendency for trout in lakes to become bottom-feeders, and no one has yet found how to stop them.

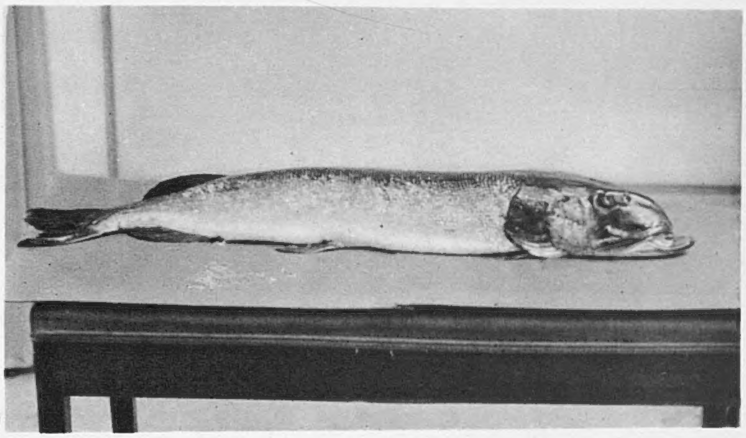


Safely netted! Our excellent action picture shows a PIKE OF ABOUT 8 LB. *or* 9 LB. BEING NETTED. *A gaff is not used in this particular place, as most of the pike are returned to the water.*

Pug-Headed Pike and Salmon.

Two interesting examples of pug-headed fish have been brought to my notice recently. This curious deformity in fishes has been the subject of monographs by Professor E. W. Gudger, of the American Museum of Natural History, and by Dr. Lewis Smith, Consulting Physician to the London Hospital. Dr. Smith pointed out that cases have been noted in carp, salmon, brown-trout, rainbows, sea-trout, eels, pike, perch, chub, and some varieties of salt-water fish, not only in adult fish but in embryos and fingerlings. He observed that pug-headedness is a congenital deformity due to an error in development, on a par with such defects as hare-lip or cleft palate in human beings.

Dr. W. E. Burton, of Warrington, sent me the head of a cock salmon which he caught in a Welsh river. I showed the head to Dr. E. Gordon Reeve, and he agreed that it was a curious specimen, as the kip of the lower jaw had turned back and created a depression in the foreshortened upper jaw. Teeth on the pre-maxillaries were exposed on the snout at right angles to the other teeth. This specimen is now in the Natural History Museum. The pike was a normal specimen of a pug-head—if an abnormality may be so described. Nevertheless, it was also an interesting specimen, as, unlike most pug-heads which are in good condition, this pike weighed only 9 lb. 3 oz., though the normal weight of a pike of its length, $37\frac{1}{2}$ inches, would be over 15 lb. Its scales showed that it was about fourteen years old, and quick-growing pike of this age may weigh up to 20 lb. The pike was caught by Mr. J. Hodge, on Nov. 14, in a lake near Reading and fought quite well. One of the pike's eyes was also abnormal; the iris extended almost to the centre and the pupil was a very small, pear-shaped slit.



This ugly-looking creature is A PUG-NOSED PIKE, *caught near Reading by Mr. J. Hodge.*

Animal or Vegetable? Is a sea-anemone a plant or an animal? The flowery appearance of the anemone deceives many people into thinking that it is a kind of seaweed. In the same way the anemone deceives its prey, which is attracted by the beautifully coloured "petals," and finds, too late, that they are armed with stinging harpoons from which it cannot escape. Shrimps, small fishes, and even crabs are captured in this way and drawn into the stomach of the anemone. Later the bones and empty shells are ejected. Sea-firs and jelly-fish are closely related to the anemones and catch their prey in similar fashion. Under the microscope, the stings are revealed as tiny barbed darts with a long thread coiled round the shaft. This is enclosed in a little round sack with the equivalent of a spring trigger at the mouth. Directly the trigger is touched, the dart flies out with the line attached. The animal- and plant-life under the sea is truly wonderful and surprising. In a book just published, called "Neptune's Garden," the author, L. R. Brightwell, has pictured it in descriptive writing and even more vividly in clever drawings.

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

OXFORD BEATS R.A.F. BOXERS.

Fred May's running commentary gives us a little idea of the fighting which took place at HALTON CAMP, AYLESBURY, when R.A.F. officers took on the Oxford University boxing team, only to be beaten by six wins to three: a good night and some pretty boxing! The HALTON CAMP SCHOOL OF TECHNICAL TRAINING is housed in an original home of the Rothschild family. At the outbreak of war the park was lent to the War Office for a training camp, for infantry, and, on the owner's death in 1918, the mansion and grounds were acquired by the Air Ministry and continued to be used as a training centre for the Royal Air Force. It is interesting to note that the existing transport yard is the work of German prisoners of war. Air-Commodore Reid is the C.O.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

BLONDE BEAUTY;
MOTHER OF BRUNETTE BEAUTY.

MARY, COUNTESS HOWE *is one of the most beautiful women in society, and is considered to possess a perfect type of English good looks, for she has a skin of cream and roses, and wonderful fair hair. She was Miss Mary Curzon and is the only daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Montagu Curzon.* *On our facing page we give a photograph of her daughter, Lady Georgiana Kidston.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY DOROTHY WILDING.

BRUNETTE BEAUTY;
DAUGHTER OF BLONDE BEAUTY.

LADY GEORGIANA MARY KIDSTON *is the only daughter of Earl Howe and of Mary, Countess Howe, and married Lieut. Home Ronald Kidston, R.N., son of the late Captain Glen Kidston and of Lady Windham, in 1935. She is a lovely brunette, and, in spite of the difference in colouring, closely resembles her beautiful mother, Mary, Lady Howe.*

"THE CHEQUER BOARD OF NIGHTS AND DAYS."

By PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY.

ONCE upon a time there was a very famous play by Pinero called "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which had, in its day, I believe, a Message to deliver, and probably did so. But there is a line in it, spoken by the heroine—at the time a little sour, owing to social ostracism in the real late-Victorian manner—to the effect that she would love to "dream a dinner-party." It would be fun if you could choose the exact person you'd like to find sitting next to you at the next dinner-party for which you receive an invitation.

Who Would You Like as Your Neighbour?

If it were me, and it was all very formal and decorous, I'd be enchanted to find myself sitting next to Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has been helping Shakespeare out over the last act of "Cymbeline," which Mr. Shaw seems to think Shakespeare didn't write as well as he should have done. That might appear an alarming choice, for Mr. Bernard Shaw, from what is written and said about him, might well seem a frightening person to the modest and simple-minded. But that's just it. I don't know whether it is because he has lived in much wisdom for such a long time, or if it is just Irish charm, but if you were sitting next to him and you were a bit fussed with shyness, you'd find in a minute and a half that you were suddenly with the youngest person in the world; as you watched those very blue, mischievous eyes twinkle, you'd be so much at ease that you'd giggle as you did years ago behind your governess's back.

"Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has been helping Shakespeare out . . ."

Although he runs "Pinewood" Studios, if you found yourself next to monocled Captain the Hon. Richard Norton I doubt you'd become a film-star, because "casting" is a very rigid department, but you'd have an amusing evening. There is a very subtle and spontaneous wit, and you have to be very quick to keep up with it.

What's the Current Argument?

Again, it would be fascinating to discover someone who can talk first-hand about current argument, as I did this week when I found myself next to a Bedaux engineer. He was enthusiastic about his work.

"Slave-driving nothing!" said he, and explained that one of the primary objects of the system was the elimination of all unnecessary action in work, thus reducing fatigue. For example, if a man's job is lifting weights, and he can be shown a method of lifting which leaves him at the end of his day far less tired, his employer gains, since he can lift more; he gains in that he can earn more, with no additional effort.

"What about slow workers losing their jobs?" I asked.

"Nonsense," he said. "Slow workers are generally those who don't like their jobs. It's up to us to find out what they are suited for and what they really like to do: which we do, and switch them on to it. That's what we're paid for."

So I asked him then what the system cost, and he said £2 to £5 an hour—anyway, about £40 a day to hire a Bedaux engineer, and some organisations employ them for years at a time. So I said that I didn't think I'd be having one just now to reorganise my housekeeping. But "Bedaux" is a little serious for dinner chatter.

If you'd like to talk about hunting or fishing, it would be pleasant to have curly-haired, pretty Lady Mountgarrett near you. She might be wearing her gold, slinky lamé dress with wide shoulder-straps and a slanting neckline, and be equally pleasant to look at.

Or music? Sir Percy Simmons' wife, then. She is the daughter of Mr. Justice Hawke and has those premature streaks of iron-grey in her dark hair which are so striking with a young face and a lovely figure. She gave a big cocktail-party this week, which I think, in its way, constituted almost a record, in that not one single glass was broken. I mean, I've seen rooms looking almost unbearable after big parties, and wondered why it is forgotten so often that hostesses are apt to like their furniture as much as their friends, and that a guest's courtesy might be extended further than just saying the right things to the right people.

Dining-Out Night.

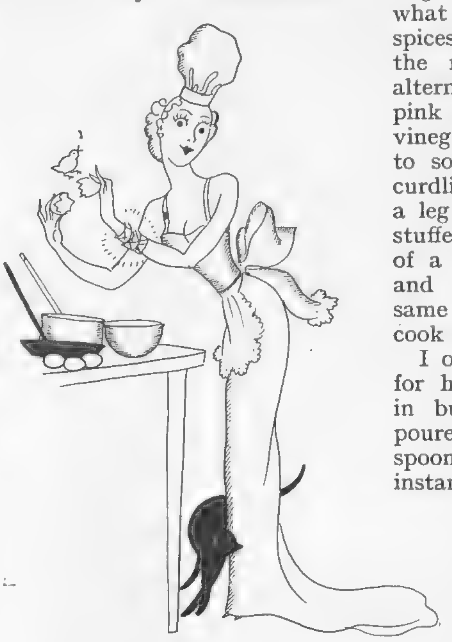
That was definitely this week's Wednesday. And very nice for the restaurants, for Lady Malcolm's ball becomes more and more successful. This year, over four thousand tickets were bought for the "Staff's" gala evening out. Even in the highest circles I feel Wednesday night must have been felt, for the Queen herself took over thirty tickets. Sir Philip Sassoon, also naturally an absentee, was host to a very large number. I stayed at home and cooked my own and five other dinners. Because I adore that when I don't really have to do it.

Weight-lifter satisfied with Bedaux scheme.

It Needn't be Difficult to Cook at Home.

Even if you're as lazy as I am about washing up! I can't do more myself than the simple cookery which I learned caravanning—when you don't have much equipment—but I'm keen on blending flavours. So we started with crab salad, as taught me by an American. (In America, all cold shell-fish is served with shredded horse-radish to bring out its delicate taste—clams, oysters, crab—what have you? Instead of our lemon or spices.) So shredded lettuce, horse-radish, and the mashed contents of crab-claws were in alternate layers in large wine-glasses. Over a pink sauce — tomato ketchup, with ordinary vinegar and oil salad-dressing, a little cream to soften, and the yolk of an egg to prevent curdling. Quite pretty, I will say. Meanwhile a leg of lamb was roasting, with a nut of garlic stuffed against the bone to give it the "thyme" of a Southdown saddle—that's a French trick, and how they like their *gigot*! Into the same tin went tomatoes and cut-up potatoes to cook at the same time.

I only used one other utensil, the frying-pan, for hand-skinned mushrooms to simmer slowly in butter. When we'd finished the lamb I poured a little cream on, stirring in a table-spoonful of paprika, which thickened it in an instant, ready to serve red-hot.



"It needn't be difficult to cook at home."

Well, I haven't had any complaints—yet—and that's my way of doing mushrooms. There's a marvellous restaurant some miles outside Paris where they serve them raw, after a soaking in oil and vinegar, as *hors d'œuvre*, and, believe me, if you don't care for my way, try theirs. The French "eating" class drive from astonishing distances to go there for those mushrooms and their Sunday luncheon, and feel that the expedition is thoroughly well justified, I assure you!

COTTESMORE, BELVOIR AND BEAUFORT FOLLOWERS.

LADY URSULA MANNERS, *elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, was out when the Belvoir met at Plungar.*

Right: MRS. STEPHEN PILKINGTON *and* MRS. A. YATES *were snapped in conversation at the Belvoir meet at Plungar.*

LADY KATHLEEN ELIOT, *younger daughter of the late Earl of St. Germans and of Lady Blanche Scott Douglas, was out with the Beaufort when those hounds met at Foxley Green.*

The HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL, *formerly Miss Josephine Laycock, with* MRS. JOCELYN ABEL SMITH *and* MASTER ABEL SMITH *at the Belvoir meet at Plungar. Mrs. Greenall is Lord Daresbury's daughter-in-law.*

MR. MERVYN *and* LADY VIOLET VERNON, *whose marriage took place this year, at the Cottesmore meet at Oxey Farm. Lady Violet is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cromer.*

DE LÁSZLÓ PRIVATE-VIEW VISITORS.

The Private View of paintings by the late Philip A. de László, M.V.O., at the Wildenstein Galleries, in aid of the London Hospital and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, took place on the day of the death of the artist. THE MARQUESS *and* MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY *were visitors and are shown inspecting a portrait of the Archbishop of Canterbury.*

H.E. THE HUNGARIAN MINISTER, COUNT MENSDORFF, *and* MLLE MASIREVICH, *daughter of the Hungarian Minister, visited the exhibition.*

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND *is here studying a portrait of a little girl.*

The HON. ANNE LYTTON-MILBANKE, *daughter of Baroness Wentworth and of the Hon. Neville Lytton.*

Right: Royal visitors included H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA EUGÉNIE, *who is studying the portrait of H.M. Queen Marie of Rumania.*

LADY DIANA COOPER AMONG THE DOLPHIN AND FISH FURNITURE.

LADY DIANA COOPER, *wife of the new First Lord of the Admiralty, is now the hostess at Admiralty House, Whitehall, and is here shown in the green and gold reception-room, which contains the famous dolphin and fish furniture. She is chairman of the Christmas Tree Ball, fixed to take place at the Dorchester on December 14, in aid of St. Peter's Hospital, Covent Garden, and is working hard to ensure the success of this festivity.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JANE HAYDON.

TALES WITH A STING.

NOTHING DOING.

By HOLLOWAY HORN.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

IN most ways they were a very modern pair. They lived in an expensive flat near the centre of things, replete with what is quaintly called "every modern convenience." Ronnie Sunclair was a broker in one of those mysterious little lanes behind St. Paul's; Sibyl was, in her own considered opinion, an artist. She had never actually sold any of her pictures and, indeed, since her marriage, had painted very few; but, as she told her husband, Art should not be judged by the crude test of commerce.

Her husband, it must be admitted, was often rather the fly in the ointment of her happiness. A good fellow, but his life was circumscribed by three things—his wife, his business, and his golf. Nor can one guarantee the order in which these should be placed in his scheme. He was just about as artistic as a bull elephant. His favourite show was one with legs and tuneful music: the financial columns of the morning and evening papers supplied his simple literary wants. And pictures (outside cinema) bored him. But a good fellow, even if he did spend the whole of an Act at Covent Garden in the bar. Moreover, in his rather bovine way, he was not without humour.

Sibyl, on the other hand, became more frightfully artistic as the months passed, and there were times when she made no attempt to hide her contempt for her husband's attitude. The flat became the meeting-place of a group of attractive but unsuccessful painters and most evenings some of them were there. They had one thing in common: their art was not commercial; which means, of course, that they were usually very glad of a good meal.

It is just possible that Sibyl was performing a very useful function. After all, some of the painters who forgathered in her salon might one day produce a work of art, and in the meantime they had to live. Ronnie rather liked a quiet evening with his wife, but such an occurrence was rare. He didn't mind—he was naturally hospitable even if he were inartistic—and if these "rum blokes"—the regrettable phrase is his—amused Sibyl they were welcome to their dinner.

But try as he would, he really could not tolerate Myer Rossiter, nor was it clear why Rossiter came to Sibyl's parties at all. He was quite well off—or, rather, his father was. He was a most exquisite and aloof young man, and the allowance he received from his father enabled him sternly to refuse to commercialise his art. He was witty and impudent, and some of the things he said about brokers and the Stock Exchange and money at Ronnie Sunclair's own table were very irritating. Ronnie sometimes got one in, however. For instance, that evening when the talk had turned to Jimmy Whistler. Even Rossiter was willing to admit that Whistler knew something about painting.

"Jimmy Whistler?" said the host thoughtfully as he glanced round the table. "I knew him quite well when I was a small boy. We were great pals."

Sibyl looked at him with interest. "You actually *knew* Whistler?" she demanded.

"Of course. Great pals! He kept a pub in Guildford."

"Kept a pub?" several repeated incredulously.

"Yes."

"Whistler never kept a pub," said Rossiter.

"Indeed he did. Jimmy Whistler—a fine chap! There was a painter fellow of the same name, I remember; it used to amuse the real Whistler."

Several of them smiled, but Sibyl was annoyed and showed it.

On the whole, however, Ronnie was no match for the aloof young man, and sometimes he nearly lost his temper. But the City, if it teaches a man nothing else, gives him a useful self-control. Besides, it is difficult to be as rude as one would sometimes like at one's own table.

If one thing more than another about Myer Rossiter annoyed Ronnie it was his habit of paying fanciful compliments to Sibyl—or "Sib," as her husband used to call her, until she stopped him. It was this which brought about the regrettable scene.

Rossiter had been—for him—rather silent, but suddenly he awoke from a kind of reverie. "You have a very lovely throat," he said, with apparent irrelevance, to his hostess. "A column of ivory . . ."

Sibyl was wearing a new frock that evening and her person was much in evidence.

"I must draw it," the artist went on. "A singularly lovely throat!"

"So had my pal, Jimmy Whistler," said Ronnie from his end of the table. Most of those present remembered his little joke and smiled, but neither his wife nor Myer Rossiter thought the remark funny.

"And a useful throat," he went on. "You should have seen him pick up a quart of beer and lower it without any effort whatever. It was real art! A lovely throat!"

"There are times when you are more offensive than at others," said Sibyl, who was very annoyed.

Ronnie had scored heavily. Myer Rossiter was acutely conscious of the furtive smiles and, rather weakly, muttered something about "Pearls before swine."

"I didn't quite get that, Rossiter," said Ronnie, in not too polite a tone.

"Oh, go to blazes!" snapped the painter, and rising from his chair, turned to the door.

From that point of vantage he surveyed the company and made an effort at recovery. "I thank you for your charming hospitality, Sir. Au'voir, Sibyl." And with that he turned away.

"A little hasty," said Ronnie blandly, as the door closed. "But very amusing. Did I ever tell you that story about the night watchman and the lady?" he went on, as if the incident was of no moment.

To make matters worse, they seemed to enjoy the story and other stories which followed. Ronnie was in great form, but Sibyl sat in silence, becoming angrier as the minutes passed. She was the only woman present—she was not, curiously, interested in young female lions—and she left them at the earliest possible moment. Ronnie enjoyed the evening thoroughly, and by the time they went he and Sibyl's guests were, as he put it, all good pals together.

From the darkness of her room she heard her husband whistling in the bathroom. She did not reply when he called out "Good-night, Sib!"

Nor did she see him in the morning, but when he got back from the City that evening he found a letter in his dressing-room.

"After your abominable conduct," she had written, "I will not stay any longer beneath the same roof with you. I am going to one who understands me."

The note was unsigned. The heartless brute grinned when he read it. This was the third time Sib had left him for ever.

In spite of all the lion-cubs in the world he banked on her intelligence; she knew too clearly which side of the bread was buttered to make a fool of herself.

He bathed and dressed, and, since she had not returned, he told the servants he wouldn't be in for dinner and ambled off to the club, where he made up an amusing four at contract. He reached home a little before midnight. A tray, with whisky and a syphon and two daintily-cut caviar sandwiches had been left for him, and with it a note.

DEAR RONNIE [she had on this occasion written],
Sorry I was a beast. But you deserved to be frightened! Come in and kiss me good-night.—SIB.

"Sib," mark you!

He smiled happily as he poured out the whisky.

It was just as well, he decided, to put his foot down as he had done the previous night. Just as well to show who was master in the house.

Her room was in darkness when he opened the door.

"Asleep?" he asked.

"No. But don't put the light on."

He crossed to the bed and, bending down, kissed her in the darkness. Her arms went round his neck.

"You 're worth all of them, Ronnie," she whispered.

"Of course I am," he agreed.

"I 'm fed up with them! Silly *poseurs*!"

"So am I, Sib. Still, if they amuse you——"

"They don't. I 'm through with them."

"Been to your club?"

"Yes. It was dull and fusty," she said.

"I had a spot of bridge at mine. Good cards!"

[Continued on page xx.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

HER MAJESTY SEES THE ICE BALLET "MARINA."

MISS ZARA MAINWARING *and the* HON. AVA BAIRD, *youngest daughter of Lord Stonehaven, were among the team of programme-sellers.*

MISS URSULA KENYON-SLANEY *with a stock of programmes.*

LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH-BENTINCK *(right), daughter of the Marquess of Titchfield, wore a bright-red chiffon dress.*

LADY MARY ROSE FITZROY, *younger daughter of Viscountess Ipswich, and* MISS ANNE CAPEL, *daughter of the Countess of Westmorland.*

H.M. THE QUEEN, *wearing a gold-and-parchment brocade dress under an ermine coat collared with white fox, attended a performance of the ice spectacle "Marina," at the Empress Hall, Earl's Court, in aid of the older unemployed.*

Left: VISCOUNT *and* VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH, *son and daughter-in-law of the Marquess of Londonderry, brought* MISS CATHERINE STANLEY *(left), daughter of Lady Maureen Stanley and niece of Lord Castlereagh.*

Right: LADY MAUREEN NOEL, *daughter of the Countess of Gainsborough, was one of the programme-sellers.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The marriage of **LADY CAMILLA ACHESON,** *elder daughter of the Earl of Gosford and of Mildred, Countess of Gosford, to* **HANS CHRISTOPH FREIHERR SCHENK VON STAUFFENBERG** *was solemnised at Brompton Oratory.*

THE event of this week turns the social spotlight on Edinburgh, for Lord Clydesdale and Lady Elizabeth Percy's marriage is fixed for to-morrow, Dec. 2, at lovely St. Giles's Cathedral. The event of *last* week was also in connection with this "strawberry - leaf" alliance, for it was the party given for the young couple by Lord Clydesdale's mother, the Duchess of Hamilton, which was attended by all friends in London who are not able to take the road to the North for the ceremony itself. That will be followed by the Duchess of Northumberland's reception in the Palace of Holyroodhouse.

Lord Clydesdale is not only heir to a great title, but is a famous pilot and a brilliant young man. He is also charming, and was the perfect host at the party, shaking hands with every arrival, and talking individually to all friends, who included some of his mother's co - workers in the various humanitarian and charitable campaigns with which she is associated.

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The Duchess of Hamilton's guests numbered hundreds and hundreds, and Lady Elizabeth Percy was introduced by her future mother-in-law to every one with whom she was not already acquainted. Lady Diana Percy was dressed rather like her sister, in a black dress with silver stars on the bodice, while Lady Elizabeth's was dotted over with small triangles of red and gold. The Duchess of Northumberland looked quite lovely in a black dress finely striped with silver, and was, I think, the most striking figure at the party. Among the numerous celebrities who were entertained with Hungarian music as well as with conversation and light refreshment, were Frau von Ribbentrop, wife of H.E. the German Ambassador, Lady Jean Bertie and her husband, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, whose small son, Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox, is to be a page, and the bridesmaids, who include Miss Beatrice Grosvenor and Lady Peggy Cavendish - Bentinck. Lord Clydesdale's sisters, the Ladies Jean Mackintosh and Margaret Drummond - Hay, were also to the fore.

Private views, first nights, and charity parties kept us breathless throughout the week. The de László "in-aid-of" show was attended by practically every person of distinction I can think of—all rather muted, on account of his death, which was recalled by the portrait-bust showing him wearing his many orders and decorations, and the mass of flowers surrounding it. Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain, the Londonderrys, Lady Baldwin, a posse of Ministers and Ambassadors, and the Dawsons of Penn were among those who came to the Wildenstein to see the pictures, which include a new portrait of the Duchess of Northumberland.

Then on to the Lefèvre private views—a four-show affair, where you can see Vicky's caricatures, which look most effective and are simply grand; the best collection of Cézanne's water-colours ever shown in London, and all new to collectors; a Derain collection of London views; *and* a selection of able pictures by Guy Marson, who has studied in France and Germany. Surely a good mixed artistic bill! Queen Victoria Eugénie, wrapped in mink, came specially to see the Marson paintings, and brought the Infanta Maria Cristina with her. Mr. Marson, who has a 50-ft. racing yacht, was a member of the Spanish Royal Yacht Club, and is a personal friend of Queen Eugénie and her family. Lady Weldon arrived with her son Terence, who is a friend of Vicky's, and I saw Mme. de Margerie, Mrs. Chester Beatty, Sir Chartres Biron, and Mr. Mark Hambourg, the last - named just back from South Africa.

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THE VISCOUNTESS CURZON. LADY EBURY. THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Viscountess Curzon is a patron of the London Coliseum Midnight Matinée of excerpts from "St. Moritz" and an all-star cabaret fixed for December 9, in aid of the London Fever Hospital, to be attended by T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York. Lady Queensberry, well known as the artist Cathleen Mann, is a member of the committee; and Lady Ebury is the deputy chairman.

Dr. Tancred Borenius, savant, art - expert and diplomat, addressed a cosmopolitan gathering on a cosmopolitan theme: "Bellotto in Warsaw," at the Polish Embassy the other evening. Bellotto, perhaps I ought to explain (as it was explained to me), was a pupil and a nephew of Canaletto, and, like him, a painter of elegant Venetian *vedute* with tranquil skies. Having been rude to his uncle, he drifted to Dresden, and thence to Warsaw, at the end of the eighteenth century, just when the fantastic kingdom of Poland was expiring in a blaze of quixotry and scandal and magnificent baroque.

Dr. Borenius's lantern-slides made one long to visit Warsaw. The lecture was held under the ægis of the Anglo-Polish Society, whose co-president, Lord Derwent, is himself a critic of no mean standing, and author of a book on Goya. With him at the head of the Society is Lady Granville. Countess Raczynska, wife of the Polish Ambassador, was present, and Mme. Borenius, Lady Clementine Waring, and Sir William and Lady Max Muller were among those I saw at this instructive—but agreeable—evening's entertainment.

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MISS SUSAN FASS, *founder of the Anglo-German Kameradschaft, is organising a series of concerts as part of her non-political friendship campaign. The first is at Kent House, to-day, December 1. The artists are Georg von Harten and Mme. Eugénie Burkhardt. Miss Fass is a daughter of Sir Ernest Fass, K.C.M.G., the Public Trustee.*

Music-loving Londoners have of late been able to enjoy a number of concerts given in delightful surroundings, as well as having Sir Thomas Beecham's Covent Garden Sundays, which are such a joy. The last of Georg von Harten's Bach concerts in Mrs. Bruce's Cromwell Road house took place last week, when the programme included the Fifth Brandenburg Concerto; and to-day, Dec. 1, an interesting evening is fixed under the auspices of the Anglo-German Kameradschaft, at Kent House, Knightsbridge, by permission of Lady Noble. At this concert, Eugénie Burkhardt, late of the

Dresden Opera, and Georg von Harten are the artists. The Kameradschaft was founded in April 1936 by Miss Susan Fass, daughter of Sir Ernest Fass, the Public Trustee. The idea is to promote in every way (other than political) the understanding between English and German individuals. The organisation now has a club-room, and holds meetings for conversation, and for music.

Miss Fass knows Central Europe well; but all her energies are not directed to cementing international relationships. She finds time to work for Home Defence also; for she has been invited by Lady Londonderry to help the reorganisation of the Motor Drivers' Section of the Women's Legion, and is enlisting a corps of girls who, twice a week, do gas-drill, signalling, and Red Cross training under official instruction.

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Home domestic news includes the fact that Sir Basil and Lady Bartlett have not yet decided whether or not they will have a grand piano and an enormous gramophone in their pale-green and off-white living-room. They have moved into a ground-floor flat so spacious that it might be a country house, and surrounded with lawns and flower-beds, with Primrose Hill at the back of them, so to speak, as a handy exercise ground for the new puppy, Happy, a chocolate-coloured Bedlington. He matches the living-room carpet, and his brown basket, with a green rug, is *en suite*. Sofas and chairs are covered in off-white tweed, and curtains are pale-green and white striped chintz. Lady Bartlett has embarked on a series of chair-seats in *gros point* in green, peach and yellow on brown, and her mother, Lady (Ian) Malcolm, is at work on a bedspread in peach and turquoise-blue satin for her daughter's bedroom.

House-pride is featured now by all newly-marrieds. Lady Bartlett, a bride of last January, is proud of her green-and-white kitchen, her fitted linen cupboard, and all the gadgets in her new flat. Her white dining-room is pleasantly dramatic, with its red candles in seven-branched iron holders and red velvet curtains, with the owner's initials in white cord on the pelmet. Her maids wear brown dresses, with rose-red muslin aprons and caps to match—most becoming.

. . .

My first midnight private view—the Surrealists at the London Gallery—followed 'People at Sea." Some of the artists present seemed more Surrealist than the exhibits. I was one of the "perturbed objects" myself, because, when we arrived at the gallery, straight on from the Apollo, we couldn't get up the stairs, till, suddenly, we found ourselves "absorbed up them," and filtered round the rooms without having to walk. The crowd absolutely filled the whole building—no question of any vacuum! Beards, long hair and sandals were in the ascendant, and one "viewer," in a two-tiered dull red cloak, hair to his waist and a strawberry velvet Tudor cap on his head, was one of the most outstanding objects present. I wished I knew for which exhibit he was responsible. I felt mighty proud of myself for picking out the "sitter" for Eileen Agar's "Angel of Anarchy," a really good bit of classical portraiture, with what we might call "added interest" in the shape of unnatural decorations and additions. When challenged, this gentleman admitted he was the original model for the head, but said that, since that time, other people had arrived in the studio, and their characteristics had been added to it. Salvador Dali—not there, so far as one could tell—has one of his charming busts, with ant beauty-spots, and a fresh roll of bread on its head. But you must go and see the show, and have a good game of "guessing"—for the exhibition suggests a Christmas parlour-game. Max Ernst was one of the people I saw, and Patrick Balfour and Mr. Reid and Mr. Macdonald of the Lefèvre.

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The organisers of the party at Lady Moira Lyttelton's on Dec. 9, in aid of the Invalid Children's Fund, are only inviting some hundred people, as they want everyone to be comfortable; nor do they wish people to attend unless they are keen, for a little slip is sent out with the notice, saying: "Please do *not* come if you think you will not enjoy it." The entertainment, however, sounds so attractive that, unless you happen to be a confirmed killjoy or professional pessimist, you would be bound to like it. The artists are Mrs. Eddie Grant at her 'cello, Mrs. Mott, who is a Viennese resident in London, who will sing her native songs, and Mr. Eric Starling, the young English tenor who sang at Glyndebourne, while Lady Margaret Douglas-Home will be the accompanist. The Duchess of Abercorn and her daughter, Lady Spencer, are among those expected, and many of Lady Titchfield's friends will be there, as she is one of the prime organisers.

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There are folk-dances and a crowded floor at the May Fair, where I went one evening. After the Austrian, the Spanish have reached us, and are full of life and movement, the bright particular star being the typically Spanish Maria Victoria. She dances with her eyes and her face, as well as with her hands and her feet, and is lovely to look at. The night I went, Lord and Lady Waleran were dancing together to Don Ramon's excellent band; and the d'Arcy Lambtons were in a party with Lady Anne Hope, who looked very happy and danced a good deal. She has just left for India to join her parents, the Viceroy and Lady Linlithgow.

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Wisely togged up in their stoutest winter "warms," race-goers flocked to Lingfield for the finale of the flat-racing season. "It feels just like snow to me," said Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, whose feet were encased in a snug pair of fleece-lined overboots. She and her husband perambulated the paddock with Mr. Ernest Thornton-Smith, the lucky owner and art connoisseur, whose house in Queen Anne's Gate must be one of the loveliest in London. The Leveson-Gowers are off for a prolonged Swiss holiday early next month. Lord and Lady Grenfell spectated from the steps of the Members' Stand with Lord Munster. Later I saw Lady Grenfell talking to Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel's heir, Donald Hamish, who was kept very busy receiving congratulations on behalf of his sister, Marion, whose engagement to Mr. Ronald Orr-Ewing was announced the other day. They will be married in London shortly after Easter, at the Guards' Chapel. At the moment Miss Cameron is paying a visit to her future "in-laws," Sir Norman and Lady Orr-Ewing, at Cardross, their enchanting old Stirlingshire home on the shores of the lake of Menteith.

Mrs. Clive Graham (Dorothy North that was), who sported a very *chic* green tweed outfit, exchanged "tips" with attractive Susan Bligh, Lord Darnley's niece. Mrs. Graham, by the way, got up at dawn the other day to go down to Denham to help swell a crowd-scene in the Robert Taylor film which was finished last week. MARIEGOLD.

PHOTO. ANGUS MCBEAN.

MISS JUDITH ANDERSON, *the distinguished American actress, is appearing as Lady Macbeth in the Old Vic production of "Macbeth," opposite to Mr. Laurence Olivier. H.M. the Queen arranged to attend a charity performance on Monday last, November 29.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MR. R. A. GERRARD, *International three-quarter*—FOR CUTTING INTO HIS ARCHITECT-WIFE'S WEDDING CAKE, BUT SPARING THE TWICKENHAM RUGBY GROUND!

THE ENGLAND EIGHT FOR SYDNEY—FOR ROWING IN SWINGING BOXES IN WHICH THEY WILL KEEP IN TRAINING WHILE AT SEA.

AT the marriage of MR. R. A. GERRARD, the well-known International Rugger player, to MISS MOLLY TAYLOR, who is an architect by profession, the bride cake was a finely constructed three-tiered affair crowned with a model of the Twickenham Rugby football ground. The bridegroom boldly cut into the structure, but spared the football ground. His best man was Mr. H. G. Owen-Smith, the old Oxford Blue and famous International player.

WE guess that Schiaparelli must have been frightfully hungry when she broke off her search for ideas, went out to lunch and met A CUTLET. "Here's my latest hat," she thought, and straightway evolved the model illustrated.

WHEN LADY DIANA COOPER, supported by her husband, the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, opened the Mariners' Market organised in aid of the Missions to Seamen, a figure of Popeye, the famous film-cartoon character, was "introduced" to her.

THIS DEVOTEE OF THE LATEST—FOR WEARING A LAMB CUTLET AND FRILL HAT.

WHEN the CREW TO REPRESENT ENGLAND AT THE EMPIRE GAMES REGATTA IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, in February, leave for "down under," they are taking no chances of getting out of training through a lazy life as ship-board passengers. They will, on the contrary, be able to keep fit during the weeks of the voyage. Jack Beresford has designed a very neat little device to help over this. It consists of a series of "swinging boxes" which look like shoe-black's rests. These are placed in a row, so that the eight occupy their usual positions, each sitting on his box. On the sloping back of the box in front of each, heel-traps and straps are fixed in exact imitation of the stretcher on which an oarsman rests his feet in a boat. Each man holds a dummy oar handle, and cox gives the orders. Rhythmical swinging from these boxes is found to be a better physical exercise than anything else.

LADY DIANA COOPER AND HER HUSBAND, THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY—FOR BEING INTRODUCED TO THE FILM WORLD'S MOST POPULAR SAILOR, POPEYE.

THE life of a movie star is no long, happy picnic! Just imagine how MISS LORETTA YOUNG had to work when shooting the water scenes in the new Twentieth Century-Fox picture "Second Honeymoon." For this she had to spend nearly two whole days in the water. Our still shows her doing a little fixing of her hair in the front of her bathing-cap, while an assistant holds the slate bearing the number of the sequence and other indications for the operators while waiting for the scene to start being shot.

MISS LORETTA YOUNG—FOR SPENDING TWO DAYS IN THE WATER IN ORDER TO MAKE A "SECOND HONEYMOON" A SUCCESS.

"YOUR GOOD HEALTH!"

Minister of Health SIR KINGSLEY WOOD interests himself in the more human side of politics. Mark the benevolent expression. "Fitness for all" is his motto.

CARICATURE BY ERNEST FORBES.

My Goodness—
My Guinness

G.E.683

PICTURED NEWS FROM THE HOME FRONT AND THE SOUTH.

A charming at-home study of LADY GARTHWAITE, *wife of Sir William Garthwaite, Bt., and her baby son,* MICHAEL. *On the right is a fine bust by Jacob Epstein.*

LORD *and* LADY PATRICK CRICHTON-STUART *have been honeymooning at Monte Carlo. He is the fourth son of the Marquess of Bute. She was Miss Jane von Bahr.*

Right: A notable shooting-party was held recently at Hackwood Park Basingstoke. Our group shows (l. to r.) the EARL OF WINCHILSEA AND NOTTINGHAM, LORD WIGRAM, *the* MARQUESS OF WILLINGDON, LADY CHETWODE, FIELD-MARSHAL SIR PHILIP CHETWODE, ———, MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, *the* HON. MICHAEL BERRY, *second son of Lord Camrose,* LADY CAMROSE, *the hostess, the* HON. SEYMOUR BERRY, *eldest son of Lord Camrose,* MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, *the Prime Minister,* LADY WIGRAM, *the* COUNTESS OF BIRKENHEAD *(holding camera), second daughter of Lord Camrose, the* EARL OF BIRKENHEAD, *the* HON. MRS. CHETWODE, *third daughter of Lord Camrose,* LORD CAMROSE, *the host,* MR. ROGER CHETWODE, *and the* HON. DIANA BERRY, *youngest daughter of Lord Camrose.*

LADY MALCOLM OF POLTALLOCH *again organised her annual Servants' Ball and is seen with some of the guests at the Royal Albert Hall.*

LADY ANNE HOPE, *eldest daughter of H.E. the Viceroy of India and the Marchioness of Linlithgow, has just left for India to rejoin her parents.*

The well-modelled " ANGEL OF ANARCHY," by Eileen Agar, began life as a portrait, but, sundry other persons and distractions intervening, it turned out like this. The black markings are fur decorations.

Found mobile object : " SCARECROW," discovered by Cant, sailor-farmer, in Essex.

" THE SECRET OF THE GARDENIA," by Marcel Jean. The zip-fastened eyes are eloquent and symbolical.

" LON-GOM-PA." An object Found by Paul Nash, the well-known painter.

" BRITISH DIPLOMACY," by Eileen Agar, requires looking into. The salmon has caught the angler, so the syringe gaff seems a little obscure. Recall the Neville Chamberlain Paris Exhibition fish !

" COLLAGE," by famous painter PABLO PICASSO.

A mask " LOOK AND SPEAK," by Man Ray.

" THE CAGED BUNYIP," by J. Cant. The floor of the cage and seed-boxes are filled with " hundreds and thousands."

R. Penrose's " THE DEW MACHINE " ; designed to " moisten stale air of clubs, offices, banks, waiting-rooms."

PRIVATELY VIEWED AT MIDNIGHT: SURREALIST " DREAM-SIDE "

These are some of the more vital exhibits in the Exhibition of Surrealist Objects at the London Gallery, Cork Street. It started life last week with a Perturbed, or Constructed — " in short, all objects having some queer or fantastic attraction selected and isolated by an artist or a poet with an eye for such Surrealist Exhibition which had

"BUST OF WOMAN DEVOURED BY ANTS" *is by Salvador Dali, distinguished Spanish Surrealist.*

"THE VIRGIN WASHERWOMAN," *by Geoffrey Graham.*

"GOODNESS, HOW SAD," *by Paul Nash.*

"ROCOCO COCOTTE," *by Eileen Agar.*

OBJECTS — PERTURBED, FOUND, CONSTRUCTED, INTERPRETED.

midnight Private View, because Surrealism is concerned with the night-side, or dream-side, of life! The show is devoted to Objects Found, Interpreted, oddities and wonders." It runs till Christmas Eve and is arranged by the Surrealist Group of Great Britain, who were responsible for the International such a success in 1936.

Sir Peter Teazle (LEON QUARTERMAINE) *and his Lady* (PEGGY ASHCROFT) *embrace, watched by (l. to r.) Charles* (MICHAEL REDGRAVE), *Maria* (RACHEL KEMPSON), *Joseph* (JOHN GIELGUD), *Sir Oliver* (FREDERICK LLOYD), *and Rowley* (HARCOURT WILLIAMS).

The gossip-mongers in Sheridan's "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL," *at the Queen's. The characters are: (l. to r.) Maria* (RACHEL KEMPSON), *Joseph Surface* (JOHN GIELGUD), *Mrs. Candour* (ATHENE SEYLER), *Crabtree* (GEORGE HOWE), *and Sir Benjamin Backbite* (GLEN BYAM SHAW).

Lady Sneerwell (DOROTHY GREEN) *at her toilette; with Snake* (ALEC GUINNESS) *and the Maid* (MERULA SALAMAN) *in attendance.*

Sir Peter Teazle (LEON QUARTERMAINE) *and his young wife, Lady Teazle* (PEGGY ASHCROFT), *in a domestic* tête-à-tête.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"—WITH JOHN GIELGUD AND PE

BORDERS AFTER THOSE ON FRENCH ENGRA

This tête-à-tête *scene between* JOHN GIELGUD *and* PEGGY ASHCROFT *as Joseph Surface and Lady Teazle in John Gielgud's revival of* "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL," *at the Queen's Theatre, recalls a French print, and, in order to heighten the likeness, we reproduce the photograph in the frame belonging to the print "Le danger du tête-à-tête," engraved by Simonet after the picture by Baudouin.*

EGGY ASHCROFT: SHERIDAN SCENES RECALLING FRENCH PRINTS.

AVINGS KINDLY LENT BY MESSRS. COLNAGHI.

SIR HAROLD FAWCUS, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O., *Director-General of the British Red Cross Society, attended the annual ball of the Society held at Grosvenor House. He is seen with* MISS PEPPER.

MRS. IDA MILLS *and* SIR ERIC MIÉVILLE, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., *Assistant Private Secretary to H.M. the King, are seen at supper.*

Right: MISS JEAN INNES-KER, *daughter of Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, was among the guests. She is shown with* MR. DE MARWICZ.

MISS DIANA RENSHAW *was caught by the camera when gazing up at the ceiling.*

The COUNTESS OF BRECKNOCK, *Chairman of the Ball. The guests at the festivity were headed by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester.*

MR. MARK PILKINGTON *at supper with* MISS DAPHNE HENDERSON, *first cousin of his wife.*

PERSONALITIES AT THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY BALL: PEERESSES,

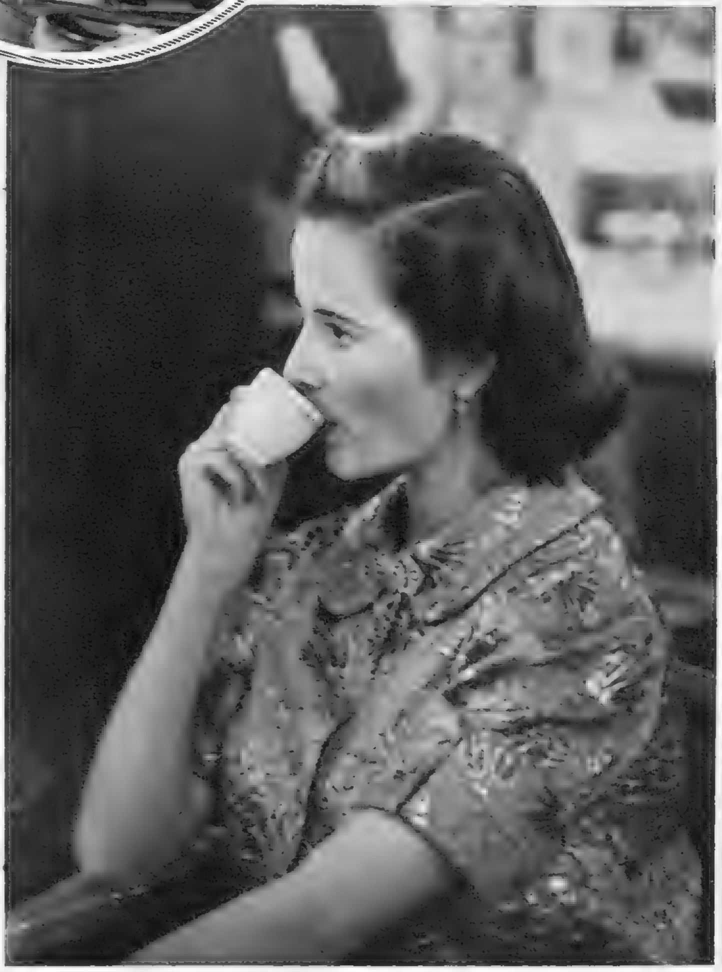
MRS. R. W. BINGHAM, *wife of H.E. the U.S.A. Ambassador, here seen with* MR. CAMPBELL, *was one of the guests in the Countess of Brecknock's party.*

MISS PATRICIA HARRISON *was one of the young girls present. She is with* MR. JOHN NEVILL.

Left: The MARCHIONESS OF WILLINGDON, C.I., G.B.E., *Dame Grand Cross of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, was present.*

MRS. ESSEX DRURY, *daughter of the Hon. Gerald French, and sister of Mrs. Philip Kindersley, at supper.*

MR. *and the* HON. MRS. D'ARCY LAMBTON *were among the young married couples. She is the youngest daughter of Viscount Hampden.*



MRS. MARK PILKINGTON, *formerly Miss Susan Henderson, attended the ball.*

COURT OFFICIAL, YOUNG-MARRIEDS AND GIRLS AS GUESTS.

"THE REV." OWEN NARES AND "DR." EDITH EVANS IN "ROBERT'S WIFE."

Left: "ROBERT'S WIFE," *by St. John Ervine, at the Globe, deals with conflict in clerical circles. Here the Rev. Arthur Jefferson, M.A.* (ROBERT HOLMES), *is calling on Sanchia Carson, M.B.* (EDITH EVANS), *wife of the vicar and head of the clinic, to condole with her on her stepson's imprisonment for sedition and to remonstrate with her about birth control.*

Right: June, the vicar's secretary (ANN FARRER), *is consoled by Sanchia* (EDITH EVANS) *on hearing that her fiancé, the vicar's pacifist son, has been sentenced for sedition.*

Sanchia Carson (EDITH EVANS) *and her husband, the Rev. Robert Carson* (OWEN NARES), *read the report of the disorderly meeting in the town over Sanchia's clinic.*

Sanchia Carson, M.B. (EDITH EVANS), *sacrifices her clinic so that her husband may become a Dean. She shows Robert* (OWEN NARES) *the cheque for £5000 she has received for it from Miss Orley.*

American Romantics
378
65/9
380
65/9
383
65/9
1369
65/9
382
65/9
MALAGA, Burgundy, Acajou, Mahogany, Cocoa-Brown—there's high romance in these brilliant and subtle autumn shades, in the quaint peaked heels, high arch curves and fluted tongues of these American models. They only said farewell to 5th Avenue last week. Now they're causing a flutter in the American section of Dolcis Oxford Street and Brompton Road Stores.
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MRS. JACKIE COOGAN, OF "COLLEGE SWING."

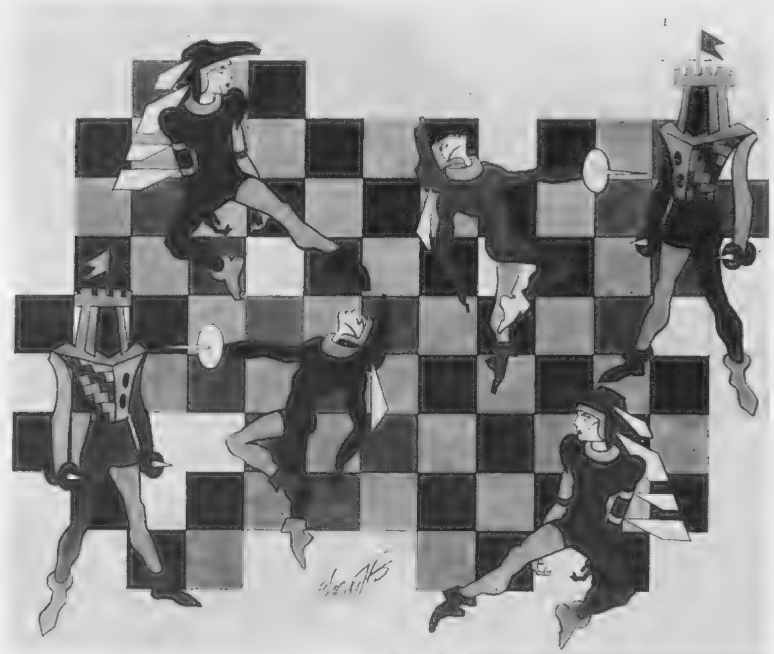
The marriage of MISS BETTY GRABLE, *twenty-one-year-old screen actress, and Mr. Jackie Coogan, best remembered in Charlie Chaplin's famous picture "The Kid," of eighteen years ago, took place recently at St. Brendan's Roman Catholic Church, Hollywood. On the day following the wedding, the bride and bridegroom returned to the studios to continue work on "College Swing," their new picture. Miss Grable's latest films include "This Way, Please" and "Thrill of a Lifetime." Mr. Coogan, who is now twenty-two, does little film work these days, but, as the result of his childhood's success, possesses a very comfortable fortune.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

MR. ST. JOHN ERVINE'S new play, at the Globe, is called "ROBERT'S WIFE," which is the opposite of Wife's Robert. He, Robert, was a sky-pilot, and she, Sanchia, a birth-controller; he ran a parish, she a clinic. He was marked for promotion by the Prime Minister, she for the unkind criticism of the Holy Willies. (The Bishop, an amiable buffer with a taste for fancy dress, was tolerant of birth-controllers, but the black-avised young men of the High Church were not.) So if Robert was to get on—*i.e.*, proceed to the powers and emoluments of a Deanery—she would have to call it off. For the wife of a Dean in a cathedral city is not the same as the wife of a parish priest



Sherriffs' broadcasts from Sadler's Wells Ballet: "Knights and rooks take up their positions in 'CHECKMATE,' *and are approximately, if you read from left to right,* LESLIE EDWARDS, RICHARD ELLIS, MICHAEL SOMES, WILLIAM CHAPPELL, HAROLD TURNER, *and* JOHN NICHOLSON."

in an industrial town. For Sanchia to "kick-in" was difficult, because she was a competent doctor, by no means "churchy," and a fervent enthusiast.

There were other troubles in the Vicarage: a son who carried pacifism to seditious lengths, and a case of "honest-woman-making" which only went to show that getting them to the altar may be disastrous policy in the long run. The upshot of it all is that the wife surrenders her personal work (not her clinic, which is to go on with an equally competent successor), and Robert, who seemed to me to be too smug and self-absorbed to be much of a saint, calmly accepted the sacrifice and proceeded to his Deanery.

Mr. Ervine's characters know their own minds and speak them bluntly. His play also has that copiousness which the public especially likes. After so many slight little pieces, which just touch upon a fraction of a subject, here is one which has three themes, and hits them squarely. The author declares himself and the actors do so too. What this method may miss in subtlety, it gains in clarity and force. Moreover, all parties are given a fair showing, and a fair chance to defend themselves. Only the young High Church priest comes off really badly, and seems to be just a persecuting prig. The result is a full, vigorous, lively, and contentious play, leaving plenty over which to argue. There is an excellent cast, headed by Miss Edith Evans and Mr. Owen Nares.

I believe that when "MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA" was produced in New York, one critic succinctly retorted, "Evening Becomes Intolerable." Certainly I did not find it so at the Westminster Theatre, where Mr. Anmer Hall offers, from seven to eleven, with intervals sufficient for a sandwich, this Hellenic-American trilogy by Mr. Eugene O'Neill. When New Yorkers came, saw, and were suitably impressed, they clocked-in at 5.30, and were permitted a really long break for dinner.

Were you, when young, classically pulled through the sad story of Mycenæ's reigning house? Perhaps not. If not, let me, in a sentence or two, remind you that Agamemnon went off to the Trojan War, found the winds against his fleet, asked the priests what about it, was told to sacrifice his daughter Iphigenia, did so, got to Troy, dallied ten years, and came back with a captured prophetess and lady-friend called Cassandra, who tiresomely cried "woe" about the house. Surely Clytemnestra, Agamemnon's wife, had grievances. She had lost a daughter, and seen a moaning mistress brought home to be her rival. So, with her lover Ægisthus (ten years was rather a long war, and even the generals seemed to get no leave), she "cooled off" Agamemnon in his bath, as the gangsters would say. Daughter Electra, having a father-complex, took this bitterly to heart, and stirred up her brother Orestes, who really had a mother-complex, to murder the mother and her lover. This they did, and then Orestes was driven frantic by the furies of a guilty conscience playing on his deep addiction to his murdered mamma.

There are various Greek forms of this unlovely legend, which Mr. O'Neill has translated with variations into the life of New England just after the Civil War. He is unfair to Clytemnestra, whom he sees only as an adulteress, and not at all as a wronged wife and mother. However, it is a terrific yarn, with all sorts of psychological possibilities, and Mr. O'Neill has stepped hard on the Freudian pedal. You will have gathered that, as a gloom-provider, it is "more than somewhat," but have no fear. It is genuinely exciting. It "gets you" instead of "getting you down." It is, in many ways, grandly performed. Miss Beatrix Lehmann, as the unflinching daughter, gives a wonderful performance, and so does Mr. Robert Harris, as her less resolute brother, who finds murder more difficult than she does. Miss Laura Cowie's Clytemnestra is a fine, lush victim for their righteous orgy of revenge.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, here we are on the board. Red Knight has taken up a commanding position. Yes, Black Queen looks all in now. Red Knight prepares to deliver the coup de grâce*—yes—no—yes! By gad, his heart fails him! He spares her! He'll live to regret this, by gad—and probably not very long. Square fifty-two."* HAROLD TURNER *and* JUNE BRAE *at a crucial point in the game. For the information of ballet enthusiasts who also play chess, we are in a position to state that Black wins.*

"THINK OF A NUMBER," by Mr. Douglas Hoare, introduces, at the Comedy, Mr. Douglas Byng in a straight play. It is a conventional farce about the quiet little man who finds himself (with mistaken identity) in a rough-house, and turns out to be as rough and tough, when occasion orders, as any of the Chicago gangsters who are giving each other "the woiks" during a brief shooting season in Mayfair. Mr. Hoare's cracks are not of the pistol only. He jests well, and Mr. Byng conveys his wit with point and precision. Miss Winifred Shotter bestows her beauty on the more virtuous fringe of gangsterdom; Miss Sara Allgood speaks for Irish-America and has not enough to say. Mr. Dennis Wyndham is a gangster in a highly "noivous" state. In short, there is quite a good company in quite a cheery show. Nothing to write down, if nothing to write home about.

In our issue of Nov. 10, on page 275, in a series of Sherriffs caricatures of "AUTUMN," at the St. Martin's, we attributed that of the aunt, May Drummond, to Miss Muriel Aked. Unfortunately, Miss Aked was absent from the theatre at that time, owing to a motor crash, and the part was being taken by her understudy. We are very glad to know that Miss Aked is now back in "Autumn," and has resumed her brilliant performance in the part of May Drummond.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"LO SQUADRONE BIANCO" ("The White Squadron") marks Italy's re-entry into the arena of international films with a picture of superb pictorial quality and great documentary interest. Although based on a book by a well-known French author, Joseph Peyré, its fictional ingredients, mainly confined to what may be described as a prologue and an epilogue, are wholly subservient to the chief purpose of the production—a demonstration of the work and a tribute to the heroism of the Italian army in the Libyan desert. The "prologue" sends a jilted lover to seek forgetfulness in Africa; in the epilogue he rejects the overtures of his repentant lady, placing service of country above the love of woman. The tenuous story is rather in the nature of decorative book-ends—the important matter is packed in between. Any untried soldier, new to African conditions, might have suffered the ordeal of thirst, fever and exhaustion that tests the mettle of Lieutenant Ludovici during a punitive expedition led by Captain Santelia, an indomitable disciple of the Duce. It needed no faithless fair to point the picture's moral. But the march of the camel corps, engaged in a gruelling pursuit of a rebel tribe, combines a measure of suspense with a convincing reconstruction of the campaign. Above all, magnificent camera-work moulds the familiar face of the desert in all its moods—and the prolonged procession of the camel cavalcade into a powerful panorama.

Sharing the programme at the Academy is a fine little British film, "THE LAST ADVENTURERS"—fine, at least, so long as it sticks to actuality, for, like its companion picture, its pictorial and factual aspects are much superior to its fictional value. The Grimsby trawlers and the North Sea fishing industry are its main concern, and one could overlook an ingenuous love-story, with the inevitable feud between two families thrown in, did it not bob up continuously to interrupt a rousing saga of the sea. Two brothers, honest Skipper John and not so honest Skipper Fergus, almost come to blows over an Aberdeen lad, sole survivor of a rammed trawler, the while their two daughters, chips of the old block, contend for his love. Reconciliation is brought about by John's rescue of Fergus, who has piled his ship on a dangerous coast by his reckless defiance of a gale warning. This artless tale dwindles into insignificance beside the absorbing interest of the vivid scenes at sea. The trawlers nosing their way far north, the details of the catch, from its hauling aboard in a silvery cascade to its final packing, the mountainous seas that leave the decks awash, and the rescue by the breeches buoy of the doomed trawler's crew—these are the chapters in which the picture finds its true strength. They are vigorously handled by the director, Roy Kellino, grandly photographed, and gallantly tackled by Niall MacGinnis, Roy Emerton, Peter Gawthorne, and the rest of the company.

Never slow in satirical observation, when satire spells entertainment, America's film city has sent us yet another comedy of studio-life with the lid off. "STAND-IN" (Tivoli) tells a diverting story of a Wall Street expert's plunge into the chaos of a shaky film-company, his efforts to put it on its feet and his heroic bid to prevent its sale to a shady financier. The theme confronts this cut-and-dried mathematician, who insists that two and two make four, with the temperamental studio-folk, whose multiplication of two by two generally ends in sixes and sevens. The conflict thus provided—which incidentally humanises the Wall Street adding-machine—throws off a shower of hilarious sparks, many of them brilliant but some of them a trifle weighted in their flight by the exaggerations of burlesque. Under the direction of Tay Garnett, the production seems to vacillate between caricature and satire. Alan Mowbray's Continental director and Marla Shelton's soulful but totally incompetent star belong to the former category, whilst Leslie Howard, in a beautifully precise study of the bashful, bespectacled expert, Joan Blondell, as the "stand-in" who becomes his guide in a strange country, and Humphrey Bogart, as a producer who drowns his sorrows in drink, keep their portrayals so close to the truth as to command our sympathy as well as our laughter. Despite the unevenness of texture, however, the picture is a clever and vastly amusing piece of work.

A spot of polka from "A WEDDING BOUQUET." ROBERT HELPMANN and MARY HONER get swiftly off from a standing-start.

Dog-lovers are catered for in "A WEDDING BOUQUET." Here are JUNE BRAE as the licence-holder, and JULIA FARRON as the dog.

In "NON-STOP NEW YORK," a Gaumont-British picture at the New Gallery, excellent use is made of a well-invented "omnibus-story" that packs its leading characters into a luxury air-liner, 1938 model, thus contriving to be topical as well as typical. The prelude to aerial adventure is a murder in New York for which an innocent man is condemned to the chair. An English chorus-girl, returned to London from America, holds a clue to the crime and, with twenty-four hours to save the man, stows away on the Transatlantic air-liner, whose passengers include the actual killer, with a blackmailer and a detective at his heels. Directed at an excellent pace by Robert Stevenson, convincingly staged throughout, and gathering suspense as it approaches an exciting climax, the game of "catch-as-catch-can" is played with spirit and humour by a first-rate company. John Loder and Anna Lee find time for a little light romance, Frank Cellier, a blackmailer who over-estimates his cunning, comes to a violent end, and young Desmond Tester, a musical prodigy who prefers the saxophone to his fiddle, does a bit of sleuthing. There are no red herrings to divert the chase from Francis L. Sullivan's formidable killer, excepting his own well-assumed disguise of a Paraguayan general, and the decks are cleared from the first for abundant action, swift romance and entertaining comedy in a slick and polished production.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page xx.

"PEOPLE AT SEA," *the Priestley play at the Apollo, presents a selection of individuals in a derelict liner after a fire. These are the "under-dogs": (l. to r.) Carlo, the man without a passport* (CARL JAFFE); *Miriam, the embittered maid* (VIVIENNE BENNETT); *Boyne, the Irish sailor* (TORIN THATCHER); *Ripton* (FREDERICK PIPER), *the steward.*

Members of the cast of "PEOPLE AT SEA" *on board the liner. The characters are: (l. to r.) Valentine Avon* (MARTIN WALKER); *Ashford Myricks* (MACDONALD PARKE); *Nona* (CARLA LEHMANN); *Carlo; Professor Pawlet* (EDWARD CHAPMAN; *seated*); *Mills* (NEVILLE MAPP); *Frank Jefferson* (ANDREW LAURENCE); *Boyne, Miriam, and Ripton.*

"Upper dogs" of "PEOPLE AT SEA," *with (l. to r.) Professor Pawlet, Diana Lismore, the film-star addicted to dope* (JEAN MUIR), *Mrs. Westmoreland* (MARJORIE FIELDING), *Valentine Avon (back to camera), and Ashford Myricks. The group of people presented in the play symbolises the great world, with the upper and under-dogs.*

"MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA," *the tragedy, by Eugene O'Neill, presenting the classic story of Electra in a New England setting in 1866, at the Westminster. Lavinia* (BEATRIX LEHMANN), *who corresponds to Electra, is with her brother, Orin* (ROBERT HARRIS), *the prototype of Orestes.*

"MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA." LAURA COWIE *takes the part of Christine Mannon, the Clytemnestra, and is posed with her daughter, Virginia (Vinnie), brilliantly played by* BEATRIX LEHMANN. *Vinnie incites Orin to murder Christine's lover; and, after Christine's suicide, she develops a strange resemblance to her dead mother.*

"PEOPLE AT SEA"; AND "MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA."

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Beaver-Coney Fur-backed Gloves. Made of close short fur with palms of tan cape leather. Lined throughout with wool, and finished with fur at wrist. In sizes 7¼ to 9¼. Pair 21/-
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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"TURNING WHEELS" is the story of a migration and a settlement. The migration was undertaken as a protest. In 1836 the English Government declared the abolition of slavery in South Africa, a sudden and unexpected measure which left the Boers without the labour necessary to get in their harvests. The harvests rotted and the Boers, in indignation, trekked north, to found the Orange Free State. They travelled in separate companies, and it is one of these companies, led by Hendrik van der Berg, whose fortunes provide the material of Mr. Stuart Cloete's novel.

All for a Woman.

It is a novel which reminds one, from its tone and its incidents and the kind of life it describes, of the Norse sagas. Hendrik is a widower of forty-six, a lion of a man, ruthless in love, war, and the chase. In fact, he—

> was not a man, he was purpose disguised as a man, something entirely relentless, that saw but one road where there were many and to whom she [Sannie] was a possession and not a woman.

Sannie, who is cast for the rôle of Helen of Troy in this tale of blood and battle, was with child by Hendrik's only son, Herman; but they never married. Hendrik had set his heart on the girl, and when he discovered her condition he consulted the Bible and found, in the story of Abraham and Isaac, a precedent which exactly suited the situation and his desires. Accordingly, he stalked Herman and brought him back dead across his saddle-bow, the victim, so he declared, of a shooting accident. The Kaffirs about the camp knew better; Tante Anna de Jong, Sannie's aunt, knew better; perhaps Sannie herself knew, too, for she never gave Hendrik anything more than was demanded by her duty as a wife. And when the handsome and romantic hunter Zwart Piete came riding by, a man as determined as Hendrik and half his age, Sannie had no compunction in leaving home, husband, and children (Herman's and Hendrik's) and throwing in her lot with the stranger. But Hendrik was not the man to take such an injury lying down. Zwart Piete should go the same way as Herman. Accompanied by his coloured mistress, Louisa, he set off to track down the adulterous pair.

Tough Company.

This is a rough outline of the story as far as it can be sketched in individual lives and emotions. There are other important characters: Tante Anna, the domestic goddess of the colony, scheming, dominating, intensely feminine, her thoughts entirely occupied with sex and money; Sara, Zwart Piete's twin sister and fellow-hunter, a Diana whose occupation went when Venus, in the shape of Sannie, entered her brother's life; and Rinkals, the old Kaffir witch-doctor whose gasconading speeches supply the story with some welcome comic relief. Apart from these separate threads, there is the fate of the colony itself, the colony which Hendrik had conducted with such a high hand, and such high hopes, into Canaan, the promised land. *Quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat*: Hendrik might have realised the danger that threatened from Zulu and Kaffir had he not become intoxicated with the sense of his own power. It is not easy to like him; it is not easy to like any of the characters in the story. The conditions under which they lived discouraged the development of any but aggressive qualities. They had plenty of courage, they knew how to love and especially how to make love in a rough-and-ready fashion. But there their virtues end: they were crafty and treacherous and bloodthirsty. Mr. Cloete is inclined to dwell on the brutal aspects of this life lived so close to Nature. The scent of raw animalism streams up from the page and it seems to me possible that it may easily repel a not-hypersensitive reader.

MISS JEAN BATTEN, *the young New Zealand airwoman, is an inspiring subject for an artist. This is how Boris Smirnoff sees her. He has given her eyes an intense "far-away" expression which fits well with her achievements. It will be remembered that her flight from Darwin to Lympne in 5 days 18 hours and 15 minutes set up a new solo flight record from Australia to England, and established a new "there-and-back" Australia-England flight record. Her time for the outward journey was 5 days 21 hours.*

An Epic of Violence.

At the same time, the book has remarkable qualities. The plot, with its series of lawless acts receiving the punishment that is their due, may seem conventional to an age which does not believe that violent delights have violent ends; but it is epic in its simplicity. The writing is sometimes careless and never, perhaps, distinguished. But there is no denying the power and sweep of the narrative; it whirls us along and makes us forget that some, at any rate, of the incidents suggest an imaginative quality little higher than we might meet in an adventure book for boys. Some, but not all. The description of the Zulus working themselves up to battle-frenzy is unforgettable; while the scene in which Sara, "treed" by the buffalo, receives her death injuries reaches a pitch of physical horror for which one can hardly find a parallel. And there is imagination of a rarer kind in the episode of Hendrik's pursuit of the giraffe, an implied suggestion of the uncanny, a suspicion, hard to convey, that the man is listening to the promptings of a malignant fate. It would be interesting to see what Mr. Cloete could do with a theme that demanded greater delicacy of touch. But perhaps he will prefer to stick to the field on which he has already scored such a decided success.

"They Come, They Go."

This book is not so much a novel as a succession of short stories, continuity being supplied by the country parish which is their setting. This is the parish of St. Mary Luce, a name afterwards corrupted, in times when the patron saint was no longer held in so much veneration, to Simmery Luce. We first visit it in 1537, when the monastery was being handed over to Henry VIII.'s commissioners; we leave it in 1937, when the incumbent is giving a tea-party. Between Brother Francis and the Rev. Mr. Hole we make the acquaintance of seven other rectors of Simmery Luce, all with marked characteristics and all very unlike each other. But all, with one or two exceptions, attended to their duties in the parish. The Rev. and Hon. Lionel Curte, who reigned at Simmery from 1780 to 1790, did not:

[Continued overleaf.

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Continued.]

his whole interest was sport, and his language reflected the bent of his mind. He conferred one benefit upon posterity, however. He turned the refectory of the Abbey into stables, and the thorough restoration which this transformation involved preserved the building for his successors. Among the rectors of Simmery was a fanatic who hunted witches, a highly-strung young man, tied to his mother's apron-strings, who loved the daughter of the neighbouring squire, and turned missionary when he saw his suit was hopeless; and

The MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW *visited Kulu Valley during the ten days of Dussera, the feast held on the 10th of Asin (September-October) in honour of Devi, the wife of Siva, and is here seen with some of the Kulu Hill Valley women. H.E. the Viceroy and Lady Linlithgow and Lady Doreen Hope were on a walking tour from Simla when they went to Kulu.*

a saint, of life and principles so austere that he felt bound to discourage his wife's innocent (and remunerative) excursions into novel-writing. All the episodes are well done, with abundance of historical colour, although the dialogue sometimes strikes an anachronistic note. Did people talk of "being ruined on the turf" in the neighbourhood of 1700? Were they even undergoing that painful experience? Perhaps they did and were: I should not like to challenge Mrs. Peck, who, without making a parade of erudition, seems tolerably sure of her ground. Her book, with its continual switches of interest, is not the kind I most enjoy: but I repeat, it is very well done.

"An Irishman's England."

Mr. J. S. Collis is a writer who is always worth reading. Ideas flow readily into his mind, and no less readily from his pen. He has a good style, direct, eloquent, personal, persuasive, and he addresses his reader as though he were someone whom he (Mr. Collis) specially wanted to convince. And he can be "provocative" without being at the same time perverse, or annoying or antagonising. These are rare virtues, particularly in a writer for whom the word "compromise," when applied to the realm of ideas, is anathema.

This question of compromise turns up frequently in his very interesting survey of our country, "An Irishman's England." He is extremely appreciative of England. He admires its physical features—"there is no lovelier countryside in the world"—just as much as (London excepted) he dislikes its towns. He is astonished, often to the point of admiration, by the Englishman's "extravagance and eccentricity"—

> They appear to preserve their balance by passing from one extreme to the opposite extreme, from the intemperance of meat-eating to the intemperance of vegetarianism, from the passion for hunting and gaming animals to the passion for protecting animals.

He admires our tolerance of eccentricity in others, our live-and-let-live attitude. He admires our characters in general—

> Sweep every church out of England and there would not be the slightest difference in conduct. The ethical, moral, ideal soul of each man would guide him along the same as ever.

Sincerity and Seriousness.

But the spirit of compromise which makes for greatness in politics, in action, and in conduct has a deplorable effect, Mr. Collis considers, on the minds of Englishmen. We can be, and are, sincere: that is a moral quality. We cannot be serious, for that is an intellectual quality. We are afraid of the absolute: we will not pursue ideas to their logical conclusion. We are civilised but not cultured, moral but not religious. Our good manners in argument stunt the growth of our intelligence. Our sense of humour, valuable in so far as it implies a sense of perspective, is also an obstacle to clear thinking—

> In England a thing has to be thought pretty bad before it is "beyond a joke." In the Englishman's hands humour . . . is often a shield against seriousness and profundity.

Our instinctive distrust of culture, our incapacity for the life of the mind, has reacted disastrously on our emotions and debased the nature, if not the name, of our ideals. Emotion has been canalised into sentimentalism; our best mental energies go into commercialism. Indeed, commercialism has become our god.

Many of the points Mr. Collis makes have been made before, but not always with his lucidity or charm of manner. What he tends to forget, I think, is that our national defects are the inevitable accompaniment of our qualities. Without our dislike of general ideas, and unwillingness to press them to extremes, we could never, for instance, have evolved that system of "gradualism" in politics which he admires. Ideas, sad it is to relate, frequently lead to bloodshed, and the Englishman, shrinking from the one, is suspicious also of the other.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Turning Wheels. By Stuart Cloete. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)
They Come, They Go. By Winifred Peck. (*Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.*)
An Irishman's England. By J. S. Collis. (*Cassell; 7s. 6d.*)

FLYING-OFFICER A. E. CLOUSTON ("CLOU") *and his fellow-pilot,* MRS. BETTY KIRBY GREEN *(right), are here seen with* MISS ELSIE TURNER, *Flying-Officer Clouston's fiancée, reading telegrams of congratulation on their wonderful Cape-London "there-and-back" record of 5 days 17 hours and 28 minutes for the round trip. The flight to Cape Town beat the existing record by 33 hours; the flight from the Cape to England (occupying 57 hours 23 minutes) beat the best previous time by 39 hours. The round trip was faster by 88 hours than any hitherto made.*

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

FROM a cursory glance at the Dates Calendar which has just been issued, it looks as though the Joint Advisory Council of the British Golf Unions, who are responsible, have accomplished a difficult task extremely well. There are so many important golf tournaments in the list that it seems hardly credible that they can have been crammed into a few months without any very vital events clashing. There are, of course, overlapping dates; that can hardly be avoided since the Council does not always receive the full measure of co-operation to which they are entitled, some organisers insisting upon dates which cannot be fitted into the calendar without clashing. But the main events have been well divided over a period of a little more than six months for the major tournaments.

Naturally, in a year which includes the Walker Cup match in this country, amateur golf attracts the main interest. The Amateur Championship next year will be a very important international event in itself for, besides the United States team, an official team is being sent over here from Australia. On the last occasion that the Antipodes were strongly represented, James Ferrier, the Australian amateur champion, reached the final of the British Championship. Ferrier has not been nominated for the Australian team, which will be captained by Len Nettlefold, the Tasmanian left-handed golfer, who reached the closing stages of our championship ten years ago and has twice won the amateur title of his native country. Nettlefold was then acclaimed to be the greatest left-handed player in the world. It is obvious from a story that has reached me from Australia that Nettlefold is still a very powerful force. He was favourite for the Open Championship of Australia, and might have won, since he started with a fine round of 73, played in a gale of wind; but he had disqualified himself with his second shot in the championship by accidentally playing the wrong ball. The other members of the Australian team are H. W. Hattersley, T. S. McKay, amateur champion in 1934; M. J. Ryan, who won the Australian Open five years ago; and Sloan Morpeth, the manager, who was New Zealand amateur champion in 1929.

" BABE " RUTH, *the famous baseball player, is here seen driving off in the exhibition foursome for charity at the Fresh Meadow Country Club, New York, when he played with Miss "Babe" Didrikson against John Montague, the famous "shovel" golfer and "wizard" player, and Mrs. Sylva Annenberg. The crowd of spectators became such an embarrassment that the full eighteen holes were not played. Inset we give portraits of "Babe" Ruth and* JOHN MONTAGUE *(right). The latter has stated that he intends to compete in the British Open Championship in June, at Deal, and also in the U.S.A. event next year.*

South African Ladies to Visit Us. International rivalry in ladies' golf will centre in matches between this country and South Africa and the United States. South Africa is sending a team early in the season and will play matches in all parts of Britain during the three months they are here, as well as contesting the Ladies' Championship. We cannot, however, anticipate strong opposition from America in the Ladies' Championship, because it is our turn to send a team to the United States to play for the Curtis Cup. I have been glancing over the winter schedule of American winter tournaments. There are numerous amateur events in California and Florida during the three-months season which is just opening, but the most striking feature is the great number of big-money prize tournaments. The Southern States provide an El Dorado for those who embark upon this golden trail, which seems to be strewn with dollars. Something in the region of 50,000 dollars is to be won by professionals there in less than three months, the biggest prize being 10,000 dollars, in the Miami Biltmore tournament a fortnight hence.

Attractive New Tournament. British professionals may look enviously upon the good fortune of American professionals, but they have their consolation. For one thing, the majority of American professionals have not got regular jobs like British professionals. They are given seasonal engagements, and most of them must travel south during the winter months, whether they like it or not, to make a living. And, moreover, re-engagement next season at their home or some other club may depend to some extent upon their successes during the winter. After all, the British professionals have nothing to grumble about in the way of prizes. Last year tournament prize-money amounted to nearly £15,000 in professional tournaments in Britain alone. Even this magnificent sum is likely to be increased for this year's competitions. Another and entirely novel tournament has already been announced. Mr. A. E. Penfold, a prominent golf-ball manufacturer, has presented the handsome sum of £1000 for this event, which, it has been arranged, will be played next June.

The prizes will be divided between twelve players: those who headed the list of average scores for the past season. Each of these twelve men will be called upon to play the others, scoring two points for a win and one for a halved match, and the prizes will be awarded at the end of a week of eighteen-holes matches in the order of points scored. This extremely attractive event should afford the winner a satisfactory prize, since he can rightly claim to be the best score-player and the best match-player in Britain.

At the same time, an announcement concerning a revision of the conditions governing the Open Championship may be issued. There has been an impression that many players who have no chance of winning are included in the field. It must be acknowledged that an original entry of about 300, which is customary these days, is ridiculous. But since the championship is "open," it has to accept every professional who decides to enter. In what I understand to be the new scheme, the qualification for entry will remain the same, but the qualifying list will be tightened up to a maximum of 130 instead of 140 players. Then, after the first two rounds, only thirty instead of forty players will be eligible for the final day's play. That sounds a very reasonable arrangement.

W. C. FIELDS *is getting this golf business down to perfection! He returns to the screen in Paramount's "The Big Broadcast of 1938," and his famous golf routine, which he recently sold to Paramount, is included in that picture. On account of illness, Mr. Fields has been absent from the screen for nearly eighteen months. Film-goers will remember him, especially, as Mr. Micawber, in "David Copperfield."*

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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"IT'S bad enough to be a stockbroker, but to be one of you unlucky devils who have to write about stocks and shares for the papers must be almost worse."

"'Worse'?" The Jobber echoed. "Whom for, may I ask? The broker's client, or the journalist's reader?"

"All of us," said The Broker comprehensively. "And I am given to understand that, even for a jobber, life at the present day isn't all jam."

"I saw a man in the House smile yesterday."

"Must have been a bear."

"No, he wasn't. At least, so he told me."

"What made him tell you?"

"Myself. And none other. I said that if he didn't take the grin off his face, I'd do it for him. No right to laugh when things are flat."

"I don't see why he shouldn't, if he were a bear."

"But he denied being a bear, don't I keep on telling you? I don't mind chaps doing cross-words in the House, or having forty winks in the Reading Room, or filling in their football pools, but what I do dislike is seeing them smile when I'm losing all my money."

"How much is that?" asked The Broker.

"One of the new threepenny bits and one of the old overdrafts. Cheerful outlook for Christmas, isn't it?"

"Well, well," said The Engineer. "What I always think is that if you're not having the satisfaction of making money, the next best thing is the pleasure of spending it."

"Can't spend it if you haven't got it, Chump."

"What are you living on then? Your aforesaid overdraft?"

The Broker said that the only things to live on nowadays were hope and dividends. "Doesn't it seem strange to you," he continued, "that most of your dividends go up at the very time that most of your shares go down? It is so, you know."

The City Editor pointed out that this was one of the most singular anomalies of the present day. On the one hand, increase of income; on the other, decrease of capital.

"Entirely illogical," agreed The Merchant. He assumed that the shrinkage in the capital wealth of the country must have been fairly large as compared with a year ago.

"Colossal," declared The Broker. "Why, you know what it is yourself. Pretty nearly everything's down."

"But not your dividends."

"Perhaps not. Your income is, though. In the Stock Exchange it is, heavily. A year ago, I thought I would retire from business. This year, business has retired from me."

"You should have got out while the going was good. After all, you have only your miserly greed to blame."

"Let's look at the other side of the picture," The City Editor suggested. "Many people in the country—I'm not thinking of you London blighters——"

"Is Civility ex dividend?"

"—many people are doing well; they're making money; they will be spending it freely on Christmas presents next month; their businesses are prospering——"

"Pray don't let us do all the talking."

"I won't. These people are quietly putting aside money, and only waiting for a chance to invest it as soon as they see their way."

"Are you leading up to anything in particular?" asked The Broker. "Or making polite conversation?"

"I say that the fall in prices which you are moaning about is a very good thing for the money-makers in trade, because it gives them a useful opportunity for buying stocks and shares at reasonable prices."

"They don't seem eager to take advantage of their opportunity. How d' you account for that?"

"At present they can't see daylight in your financial world. What with politics abroad, liquidation at home and a general atmosphere of uncertainty, it's only natural that they should keep their cash in the bank and wait for the turn of the year."

"Which year?" asked The Jobber.

"Why not be sensible for once?"

"That's right," said The Broker. "Sit on him. He wants repressing. I'm always telling him not to be flippant in business. When one's dealing with stocks and shares, one can't be too careful."

The Jobber laughed. "We ought to have been much more careful a year ago, and sold all we had, instead of buying more. I should have said that we were not nearly careful enough at that time."

"The trouble then," remarked The Merchant, "was that we developed a false sense of values. And we were old enough to have known better."

"You think that we should have foreseen the coming rise in costs, and the present slump in Americans, and the drop in metals?"

"I think," The Merchant defended himself, "that we might have realised more clearly than we did the fact of prices standing unduly high at that time."

"Sorry," said The Broker. "I'd like to agree with you, but I don't. Seems to me you'd have wanted a most uncannily shrewd eye to have foreseen the depreciation that has occurred during even the last few weeks."

"I suppose, actually, that you would," The Merchant admitted. "Anyway, those new buyers that our friend tells us of——"

"Prospective buyers," The City Editor corrected.

"—will certainly come in on what the bookmakers call advantageous terms. And I also suppose their money is really in the banks?"

"Look at the way that some of the new issues were over-subscribed just lately. Doesn't that show there's plenty of capital floating around?"

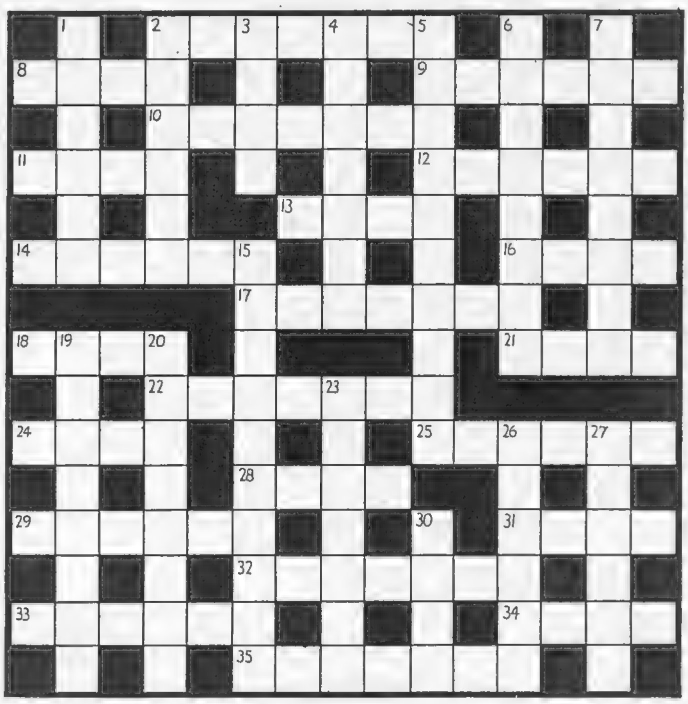
"It isn't floating around me. And a lot of it came from stags."

"Some of it, no doubt. The Hawker-Siddeley preference looked cheap. I should think the genuine investor went for those all right."

"To my mind they were good enough to put away for a permanent investment. Redeemable at half-a-crown premium in twelve years' time, and carrying an option, meanwhile, of conversion into ordinary shares at 35s.——"

[Continued on page xxvi.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

2. Place that figured in a past Germany: looking backward shows a crazy end (7).
8. Of course, it's changeable, but it sounds conceited too (4).
9. Not at home, though he'd like to be (6).
10. Something you can do to an umbrella, whether lost or not (7).
11. There's a lot in this service (4).
12. Songs that suggest a mere possibility (6).
13. This cap is never removed when coming indoors (4).
14. Famous Quaker on *The Standard*? (6).
16. Not in your hand at the moment, but you're sure to find them in any case (4).
17. Succeeding, though it's not Mr. X prosecuting (7).
18. If in a man's eye, don't do it in his teeth (4).
21. Give more room (4).
22. There's vulgar money in this train (7).
24. Formerly (4).
25. Find out! (6).
28. Material that can do with a lot of cutting (4).
29. Lets us in for a struggle (6).
31. River that most emphatically exists (4).
32. A sailor and on leave (7).

ACROSS (*continued*)

33. Might be any number, but surely not under forty (6).
34. Sea-bird that never gets the length of a ravine (4).
35. It takes twenty-two to makes precise 33 Across (7)

DOWN.

1. Does a padre change when he attends it? (6).
2. Apart from age, he is not an individual of importance (6).
3. Slight sound made sometimes by a pencil (4).
4. Clergymen (7).
5. Has this kind of cotton always one particular colour woven into it? (10).
6. A particular kind of residence that ends in a temper (8).
7. Fears about the centre may cover the wings too (8).
15. Often in the barber's mouth (two words, 4 and 6).
19. Give out the girl is over weight (8).
20. *E.g.*, a good cook? (8).
23. When this prison was pulled down, one of course was necessary (7).
26. A fat head doesn't start these articles (6).
27. Cold and decidedly undulating after the start (6).
30. Unemployed in vain (4).

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HIM
a case of
BOOTH'S
THIS XMAS

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6
AND 12 BOTTLE
CASES

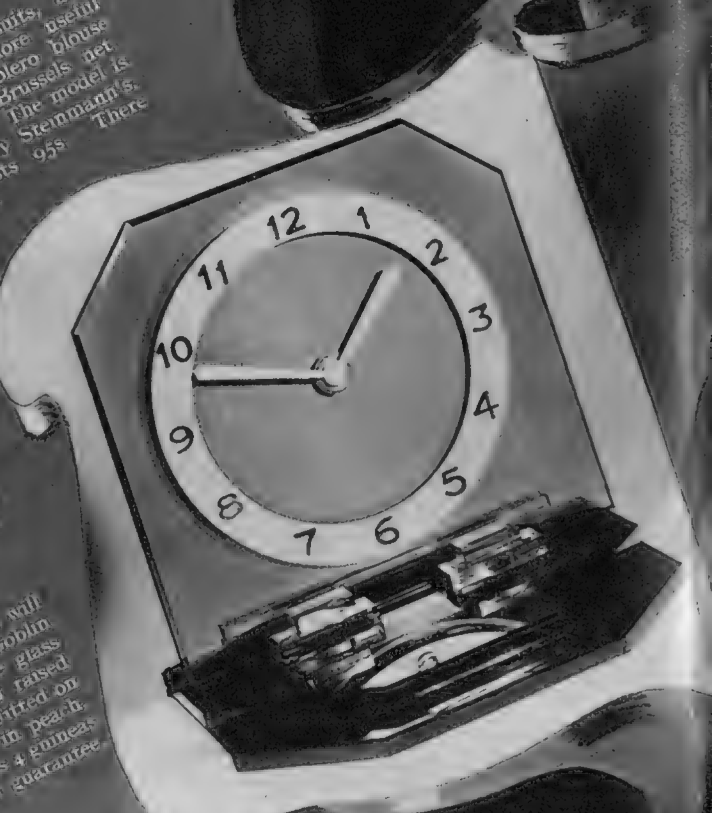
A CASE OF 3 BOTTLES OF BOOTH'S *Dry* GIN COSTS ONLY 36/- (U.K. only) . . . HE *will* BE PLEASED

C.F.H.

DREAMS COME TRUE

LUXURY stockings are an ever-welcome gift, and Bear Brand is always a favourite. They are cheaper now, for you can get them from 3s. 11d. a pair, and their lovely georgette stockings, which used to cost 8s. 11d. are now 6s. 11d. They have some new colours, slightly darker and richer than normal stocking shades to emphasise their exquisite fineness.

THIS is a year of evening skirts and suits, and consequently no present could be more useful than a lace blouse. On the right is a bolero blouse made of tiers of lace mounted on fine Brussels net fastened down the front with pearl drops. The model is in beige, but it can be copied in ivory by Steinmann's, of 185, Piccadilly, W. where it costs 95s. There is no extra charge for special orders.



WARM and soft and comforting—how lovely to be given this blue crêpe dressing-gown, quilted and embroidered in a deeper tone. It has a satin collar, cuffs, and sash, and it comes from Burberry's, in the Haymarket, where they have some particularly charming Viennese bed-jackets in unusual designs and colours, for one guinea each.

TO mark hours that one hopes will hold only happiness—a Goblin clock, its face entirely of plate glass with a white enamel dial and raised chrome figures and hands. Fitted on a glass base, which is made in peach, blue, amber or green, it costs 4 guineas and is sold with a two-year guarantee.

FOR home-lovers—a bread board and knife in walnut for 8s. 6d., and a nut bowl and hammer in walnut at 16s. 6d. A walnut cruet for 12s., and two tankards, part of a beer-set designed by Keith Murray, which, with a beer mug, costs 29s. 6d., and is made in white or primrose shades only. All from Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

WHO could resist the old-world charm of Truefitt and Hill's perfumes? They have been in existence through eight reigns and they supplied H.M. Queen Victoria with Lavender Water. To-day they sell it at 5s. and 10s. 6d. a bottle. Their Violet, Lilac and Lily of the Valley perfumes cost 8s. 6d. and 15s. 6d. a bottle, and their Eau de Cologne 4s., 7s. 6d., and 11s. 6d.

NOTHING can be more decorative than candles with their colour growing against dark walls, their radiance so soft and flattering. Give a box of "Nell Gwynn" candles with wax bases to match. You can get them in seven lovely colours, at prices ranging from 2s. to 5s.

FOR somebody who likes only the best—a Peggy Sage Manicure outfit. Look at her Voyageur Set, the case in burgundy leather, lizard grain. It contains everything that is needed for the care of the hands and nails. The price is £3 15s. Her Pullman Set is seen on the right. The case is in black or brown leather with a [illegible]. The [illegible] include cuticle scissors, steel cuticle pusher and a file, and the price is [illegible] guineas. The Boutonnière is a white [illegible] box containing Liquid Polish, Cream Polish and Polish Remover—at [illegible] for [illegible].

FROM the Young Londoners Department at Harvey Nichols—a man-tailored dressing-gown in printed all-wool cashmere bound with white cord. It costs 4 guineas, and the pyjamas, in matching all-silk shantung, beautifully cut and grand for pressing, cost £2 19s. 6d. They are made in rose, saxe, navy, burgundy, and turquoise, patterned with white diamonds.

WISH her luck, and give her one of these delightful charm bracelets from Mappin and Webb, of London. The first, in white 18-ct. gold, costs £4; the rest of the charms varying from the motor, set with diamonds and sapphires, at £8 15s., to the Thirty Mile an Hour sign, set with diamonds, at £2 [illegible]. The second bracelet is [illegible] gold, costs £3 [illegible], and the price of the Tango Band charms, all in gold, range from the ruby grand piano, at £3 [illegible], to the saxophone, the trombone, and the drum at £1 10s. each.

FAMILY CHRISTMAS

FOR any woman who wants to be naturally lovely—Tangee Powder, Lipstick and Rouge, in an attractive case. To be thorough, add a jar of their Day and Night Cream, their Cosmetic for the eyes, and one of their Natural lipsticks. The price of the Tangee Gift Box is 12s. 6d. This is a gift that will have lasting and most pleasurable results.

FOR husbands and fathers—a bottle of "Glen Moray '93," a fine liqueur Scotch whisky, which costs 13s. 6d. a bottle and is more than worth it. Get it through your wine merchant or from Macdonald and Muir, Ltd., Queen's Dock, Leith, Edinburgh.

FOR brothers—or sisters—"De Reszke" Majors or Minors, in a decorated card outer all ready for post. "De Reszke" Cork, with pure-wool filter tip, cost 2s. 6d. for 50, and their Turks are the same price, while the Minors cost 2s. for 60.

FOR the younger members of the family—Mackintosh's delicious sweets in fancy boxes and novelties. There is a special Presentation Tin of "Quality Street" toffees and chocolates for 4s., while the Christmas Carnival Tin also contains 2lb. and costs 4s.

FOR a lovely lady—Pinaud's fascinating and most exciting new perfume, "Préface." You can get it, for two guineas, at any of the leading stores, beauty salons, and chemists.

Finer Gifts

Diamond Earrings £75 . 0 . 0

18-ct. Gold "Eros" Charm £4 . 2 . 6

Emerald and Diamond Earrings (per pair) £82 . 10 . 0

Diamond "Coronation Orb" Charm £13 . 0 . 0

Emerald and Diamond (Square) Ring £35 . 0 . 0

Diamond Ring £45 . 0 . 0

Aquamarine and Diamond Clip £95 . 0 . 0

Diamond and Platinum Wristlet Watch £20 . 0 . 0

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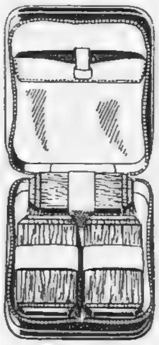


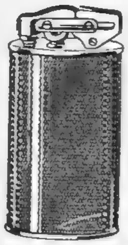
Pair of Cochinelie Military Hair Brushes, Cloth Brush and Comb, complete in pigskin case with Zip fastener. Size of case $7\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$ inches. £3 . 15 . 0

Regent Plate Cocktail Shaker, height 8 inches £1 . 0 . 0

Crocodile Hand Bag with slide action frame, with inner division, lined suede. Length $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Colours: Black, Blue or Brown. £3 . 10 . 0

Two-letter monogram 7/6 extra.

Sterling Silver Engine-turned Rigid Point Pencil with pull-out cigar piercer end £1 . 5 . 0
In 9-ct. gold ... £3 . 17 . 6



Engine-turned Sterling Silver-mounted Pocket Lighter. Height $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches ... ... £1 . 0 . 0
9-ct. gold-mounted ... £4 . 2 . 6

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths COMPANY LTD
*112 Regent Street LONDON W1

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CHARGE YOUR GLASSES

and forget dull care

YOUR guests will bless you if you offer them Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy, for it has a century-old reputation, and its perfect quality is known to all who appreciate a good liqueur. Particulars of the special Grant's Gift Hampers can be obtained from your wine merchant or direct from Messrs. Thos. Grant and Sons, Ltd., Maidstone, Kent.

YOU are looking for a sure-fire present for a man? Then send him a two- or three-bottle box of White Horse Whisky and rest assured that he will be content. The three-bottle boxes [illegible] and the two-bottle boxes [illegible].

HERE is something that just must be added to your list of Christmas purchases — Presta Aerated Waters and Fruit Squashes. Made under ideal conditions from the highest quality ingredients, their Lemon and [illegible], bottled both as a Squash and in Sparkling form, is deliciously refreshing and is a general favourite.

[illegible]

A LUXURY gift for the very fortunate. A case containing Bolskummel and a selection of other Bols liqueurs, such as Cherry, Apricot and Crème de Menthe. Not, of course, forgetting Bols Liqueur Chocolates for the ladies. They are different, and they are completely irresistible.

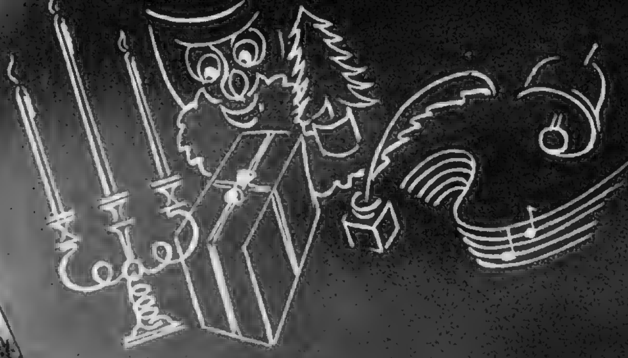
SINCE the year of Trafalgar Seager's Gin has contributed to the spirit of goodwill. Over 130 years of experience and skill in blending and distilling is the secret of its perfection. It makes entertaining easy, and it solves the Christmas present problem in the simplest and most satisfactory manner.

This England . . .

Glastonbury Tor

THE mystic Isle of Avalon—Guinevere and Lancelot, Arthur and Galahad—have we not all some tender memories of our first youthful meeting with them? The learned tell us of some antient confusion between Ynys yr Afalon, Glasberg and Glaestina-burgh and that Avalon is not here at all; that Abbot Henry de Blois was romancing when he declared the discovery of Arthur's tomb. Let them wrangle: we have the lovely legends and their sweet refinement in literature and song. Even in mundane things the English do this refining mighty well—given time. There is small doubt at least that the ale in Abbot Henry's monastery was poor stuff compared with Worthington, which, down the centuries, has been refined for our delight.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND



A PAGE FOR MEN

IF he is lucky he may be given, or if he is generous he may give, a "Motoluxe" Motor Rug, light as a feather, luxuriously warm, and so good-tempered that it will stand up to anything. It costs [illegible] guineas, is made in admirable colours, and at 5½ guineas can be bought with a windproof interlining for open cars. The "Motoluxe" Foot Muff costs 39s. 6d., and when not in use as a muff it can be utilised as a cushion or as a most useful hold-all. It is made in colours that perfectly match the rugs.

CRAVEN "A" cigarettes could not be better than they are, but they are gayer in their seasonable greeting boxes and they are the perfect "no-trouble" present, for a personal greetings card is enclosed with every box. All the usual Craven "A" packs from 25's upwards are sold in these intriguing boxes with a wide gold band against a brilliant red background and just a single sprig of holly on the front and mistletoe on the back.

GIVE him John Haig whisky and watch his very evident satisfaction. The "Gold Label" is priced at 12s. 6d. a bottle, and the famous "Dimple" brand, in the quaint pinched decanter bottle, costs 17s. 6d. Both are put up in two-, three-, six-, and twelve-bottle decorated cases. If you want to make a really handsome present, add a streamline Sparklet Syphon. It is made in four attractive and colourful finishes, and produces fine, fizzy soda in sparkling [illegible] without any fuss or bother. Prices 37s. 6d. and 42s.

A PERFECT Trio case containing [illegible] of Gordon's Dry Gin, Orange Gin, and Lemon Gin [illegible] case containing three bottles of Gordon's [illegible] holding four Shaker Bottles of Gordon's [illegible]

What wiser way is there of sending Christmas salutations to a smoker friend than by a big handsome packing of the Cigarettes he buys daily himself — Player's Navy Cut? His appreciation will be sincere, his pleasure certain. Colourful cartons will, as usual, carry your message in seasonable fashion and remember 'Medium' are the favourite blend, but if your gift must be a 'Mild' Cigarette ask for "Player's Mild Please."

BOTH BRANDS ARE SUPPLIED CORK TIPPED OR PLAIN

Player's

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

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NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
IN CARD BOXES
25 FOR 1/3 50 FOR 2/5
100 FOR 4/8
IN DECORATED TINS
50 FOR 2/6 100 FOR 4/10
150 FOR 7/3
100 IN 5-20 PACKETS 4/9½
"Mild"
50 CARD BOX PLAIN OR CORKTIPS 2/5
ALL ABOVE IN XMAS POSTAL CARTONS
MEDIUM NAVY CUT TOBACCO
2 OZ. TIN 2/2 4 OZ. TIN 4/4

NCC 411W

To the galaxy of female relatives

To the horde of female friends

To the woman you would like to call best friend

To the well-beloved

To the dutifully respected

To the girl you don't know well (but would like to)

CHRISTMAS CARTONETTES ARE GIVEN WITH ARISTOC STOCKINGS AT ALL HIGH CLASS SHOPS

★ SEND *Aristoc* IN THE CHRISTMAS READY-TO-POST *cartonettes*

Here is the Aristoc Christmas Cartonette, gay as a Christmas card in its new colours, neat and compact in construction. No need for frenzied searching after gifts: no need for paper, no need for string. Just slip in the Aristoc Silk Stockings (the cartonette is self-sealing), address and post. Then sit back and collect rapturous thanks.

Aristoc

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

The Aristocrat of Christmas Stockings 10/6 to 3/11

Don't let's wait LET'S WALK

That desirable frame of mind—and body —which prefers to walk instead of ride, is perhaps a stranger to many, but not to wearers of SELBERITE ARCH PRESERVER SHOES, who feel such energy beneath them that they would rather walk.

Selberite Arch Preservers provide this energy because of their special patented features described below, while their beauty of appearance gives another reason for wanting to walk.

THE THREE CARDINAL FEATURES

1. The modern high heel leaves the foot arch without support.

Selberite Arch Preservers put a strong invisible bridge under this vital arch.

1

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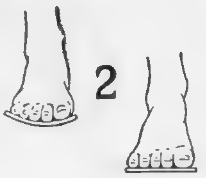
The inner sole is flat in Selberite Arch Preservers. You walk as nature intended.



2

+ + +

3. The raised heel throws your weight forward, putting an unnatural strain on the forward (or metatarsal) arch.

A scientifically placed pad in Selberite Arch Preservers relieves the strain at this point and prevents calluses, etc.

3

SELBERITE AP ARCH PRESERVER SHOE REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Look for this trade mark. All genuine Arch Preservers bear it.

Selberite ARCH PRESERVER SHOES

300 Shops in the British Isles are authorized to fit and sell Selberite Arch Preservers. Write for list of them, with a Catalogue of new styles, to:—

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Pesco Underwear, Sportswear and Hosiery are obtainable from Outfitters everywhere. Names of nearest Agents on request.

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ALL BRITISH MADE

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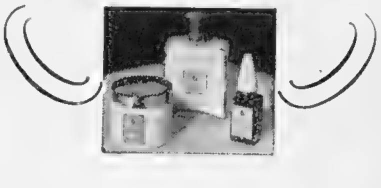

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WINTER COMFORT.

NO two people feel exactly the same about any scheme of interior decoration. For some, contemporary designs have an irresistible appeal. Others prefer the mellow beauty of old furniture and the intimate charm of things that have been loved through the long years. But everybody, without exception, yields to the comfort of warm rooms. Localised heat, fierce but not at all enveloping, is not good enough. To-day men and women alike demand rooms that have an equable temperature, with warmth that penetrates even the farthest corners.

An "Artesse" Stove in the hall will successfully warm the whole house, so evenly does it radiate constant heat at a cost that is practically negligible. You can get it in a bright or an antique metallic finish, or it can be enamelled.

The pity of it is that too many of them even now do not realise how easy and how inexpensive it is to ensure such a desirable state of affairs. If you knew that you could be quite certain of creating a continuous healthy warmth throughout your house; that you could banish for ever the danger of burst pipes and all such winter evils; and that at the same time you could effect a saving of labour and of expenditure for fuel, would you not do so? It really is the simplest thing in the world. You have only to instal an Esse Stove, and immediately you have all these advantages. They are made in many different designs, so that it is possible to find one that will harmonise with almost any surroundings.

Photographed on this page is the newest "B.J. Esse" model, designed by Betty Joel. It is made in a bright "Armesse" finish or it can be enamelled; it will heat a room 20 ft. by 20 ft., and it always shows a red fire. Filled from the front night and morning, it will burn night and day, and if when the weather is milder it is turned low, it will burn for longer periods without attention. The air supply is controlled by a slide lever, and the surround has slit-openings to let out the heat. Practically no other work is involved, except the shaking of the embers about three times a day and the emptying of the ashes once in every twenty-four hours. It burns walnut-size anthracite, which is smokeless and easy to store, and beyond doubt it does effect an amazing economy, costing as little as ¼d. an hour to run. The "Artesse" is a stove that looks particularly well, especially when it is used in a hall or a billiard-room. It can be enamelled in many very attractive colours, or you can have it in Full Bright or in "Armesse" Antique Metallic finish

Betty Joel designed this "B.J. Esse" Stove, which fits in unobtrusively with any modern scheme or decoration. It looks extremely handsome in a bright "Armesse" finish, or it can be enamelled to tone in with the general colour scheme of the room.

A postcard to Smith and Wellstood, of 63, Conduit Street, London, W., will bring you a most comprehensive booklet about all the Esse stoves, including pages showing the colours of the various enamels.

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THE SKETCH

when replying to their announcements.

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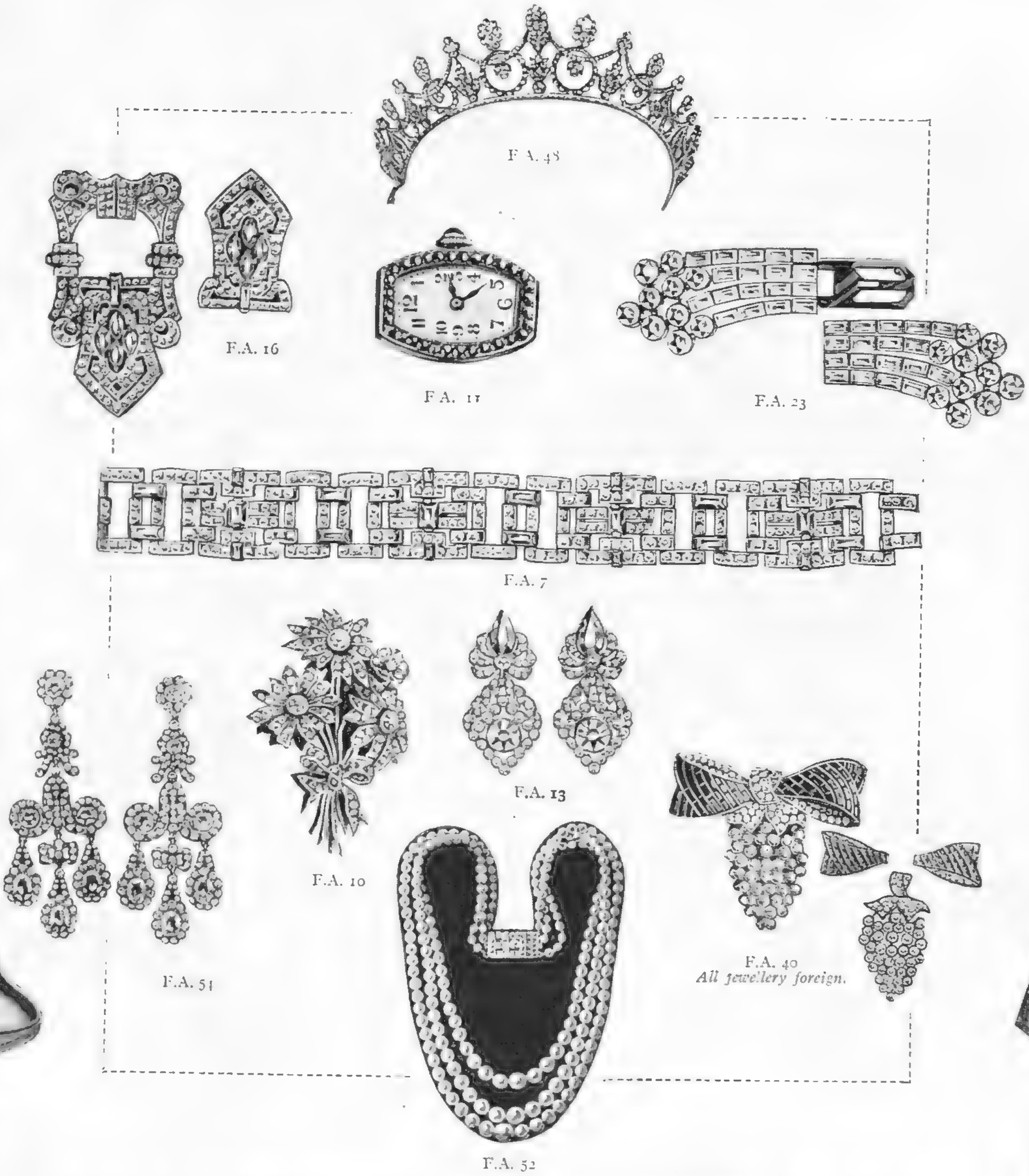

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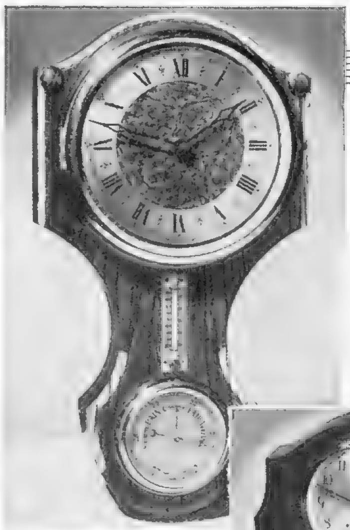

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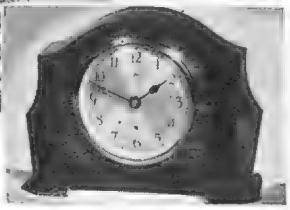

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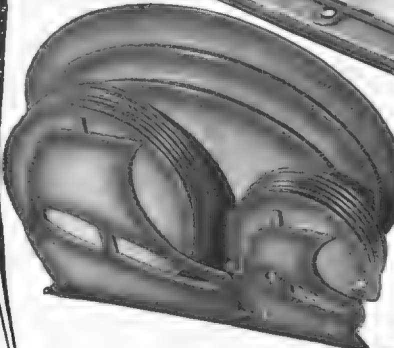

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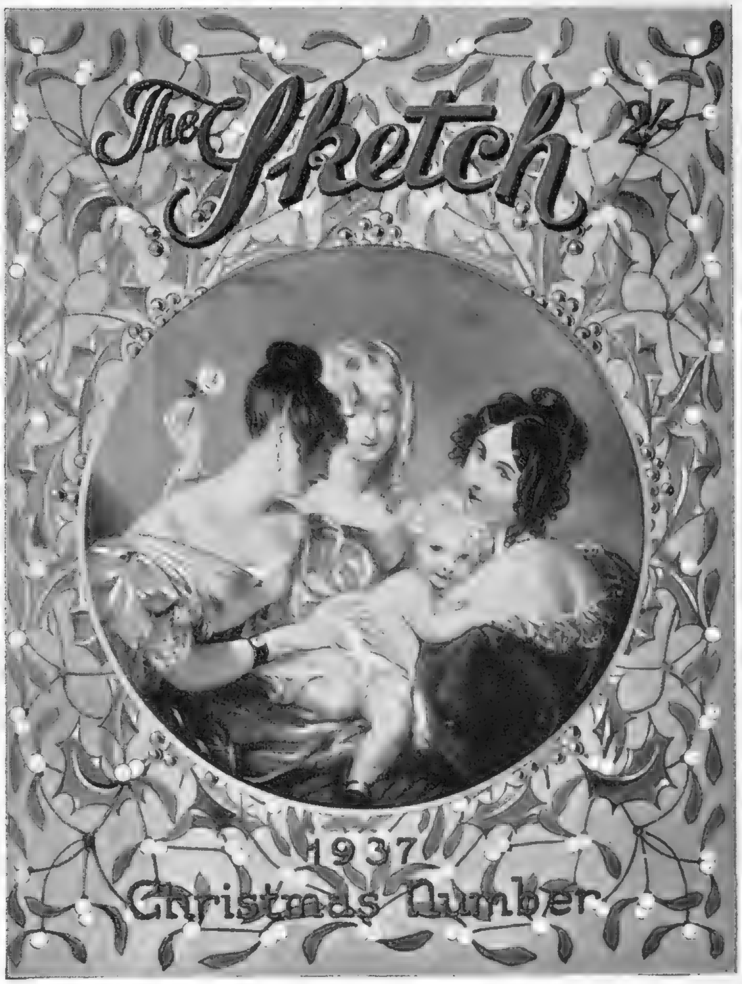
THE SKETCH Christmas Number



IT would be so unlike Christmas without THE SKETCH CHRISTMAS NUMBER for all in the house to enjoy. The next time you visit your bookstall or regular newsagent, ask for a copy to be reserved for you . . . he will gladly deliver it to your home. A heavy demand is anticipated, so we venture to suggest that you act early. If your newsagent is on the 'phone, why not ring him now! Then you will be sure of your copy.

The delightful contents include:

"The Story of Christmas Pantomime" written and illustrated in Colour, by Muriel A. Broderick.
A double page in colour, full of Winter atmosphere, of a coaching subject by Lionel Edwards.
Some more FRUITY FABLES by G. E. Studdy.
Those who like their history salted with wit in a modern manner will appreciate A. H. Harris's two pages in colour.
One of the finest items in this number are the pages in colour of drawings from the peerless, lively brush of Thomas Rowlandson. Matching our plates are reproductions in colour of the portraits of Jessie Matthews by T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A., and Jane Baxter by W. G. de Glehn, R.A., from the Royal Academy 1937. With coloured borders.
Frank Reynolds contributes amusing drawings showing the effect of "parlour-music" upon its listeners in four periods of history. There are two charming pages of Dogs by Mac and Lucy Dawson. Those who have forgotten J. E Broome's witty personal attitude towards the golf ball and its flight from the club-head will be able to renew their acquaintance in three excellent pages in colour. A. K. Macdonald has drawn two pages in colour of the exquisitely delicate girls' figures we know so well. Besides this, there are MANY PAGES IN COLOUR, by some of our best-known artists.

TWO PLATES IN FULL COLOURS (Royal Academy, 1937)
MERLE OBERON by Gerald Brockhurst, A.R.A,
GRETA GARBO in "ANNA KARENINA"
by Robert D. Greenham

SHORT STORIES BY FIRST-RATE AUTHORS
"The Death of Amy Robsart" by CYRIL HARE.
"Blind Man's Hood" by JOHN DICKSON CARR.
"Prince Puff of Pant" by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG.

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12 DRESSES FOLDED and PACKED IN 3 MINUTES

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What a perfectly marvellous idea!

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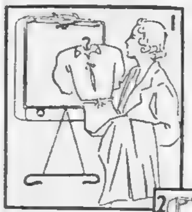

1 Hang the dresses on to the hanger rod.

2 Slip the dresses between the "shepherd's crook's" of the Foldfast.

3 Grasp the Foldfast Coupling as shown.

4 Lift the Foldfast on to the brackets and fasten the dust cover.

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parlour maid uniform in Sicilian—trim, practical and smart. Easy-to-manage zipp fastener for sleeves, front and side openings. Saxe, grey, green, wine, royal blue, navy, nigger or black. Made to measure with fitting. **79/6.** Wool Crêpe **4 Gns.** Organdie spot muslin apron **6/11.** Organdie spot muslin collar set **2/11.** Organdie spot muslin cap **2/11.**

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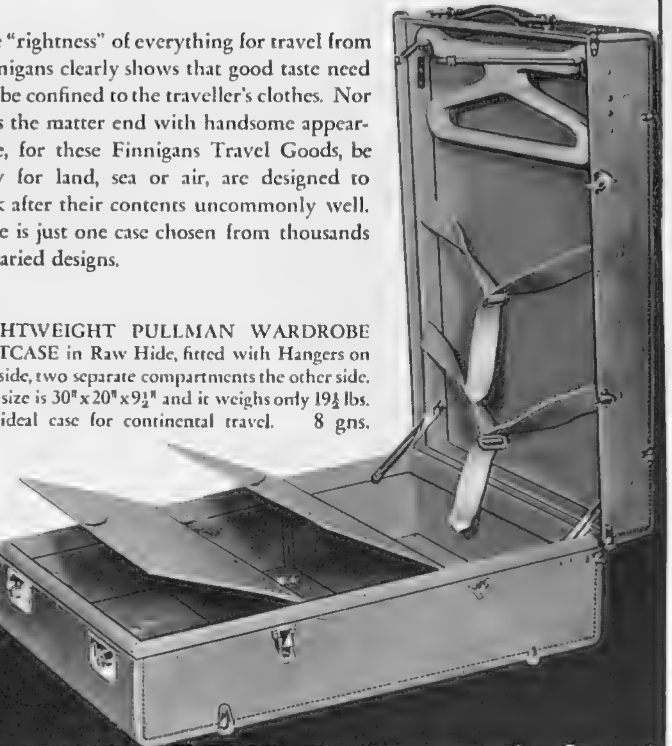

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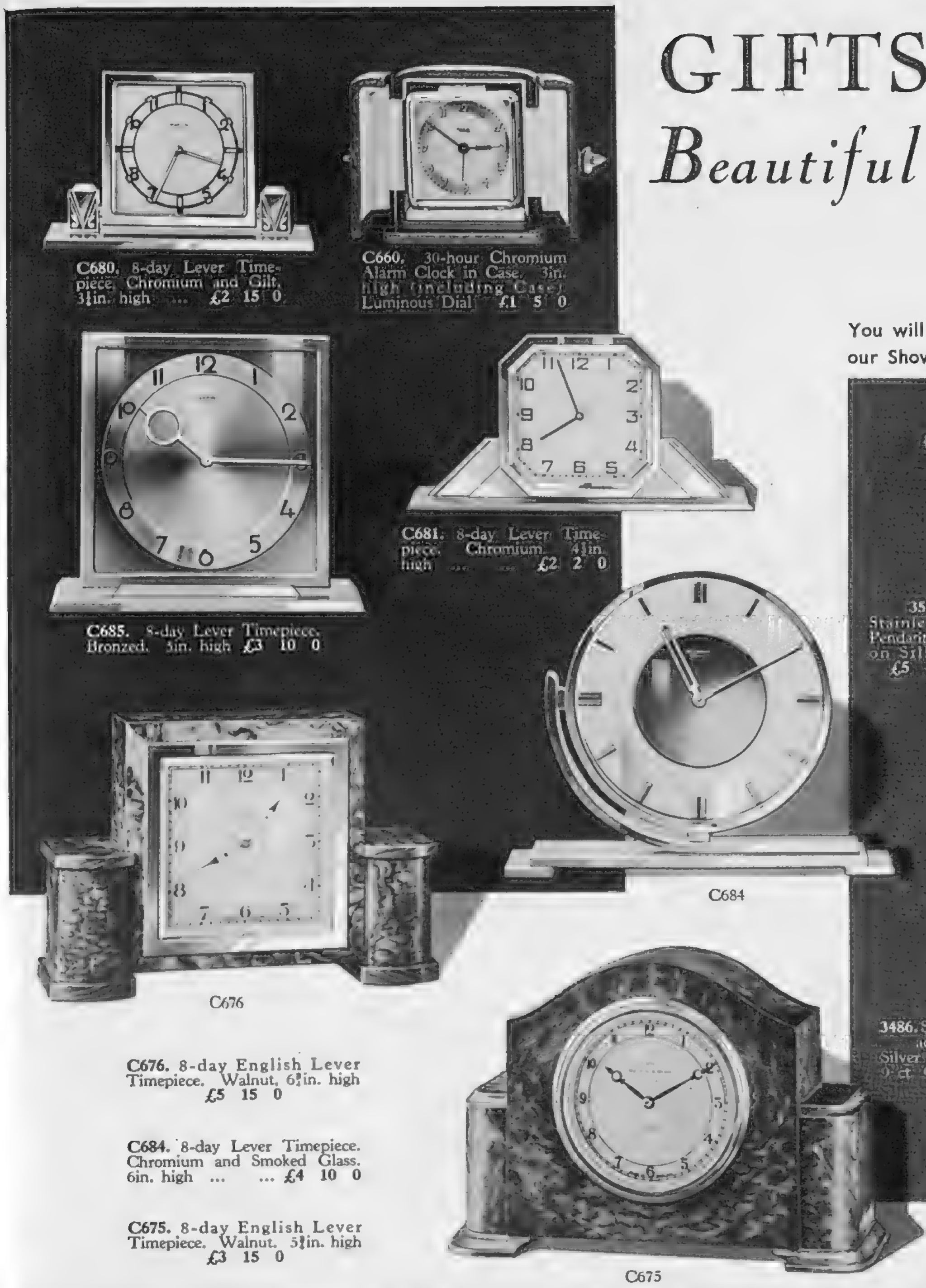

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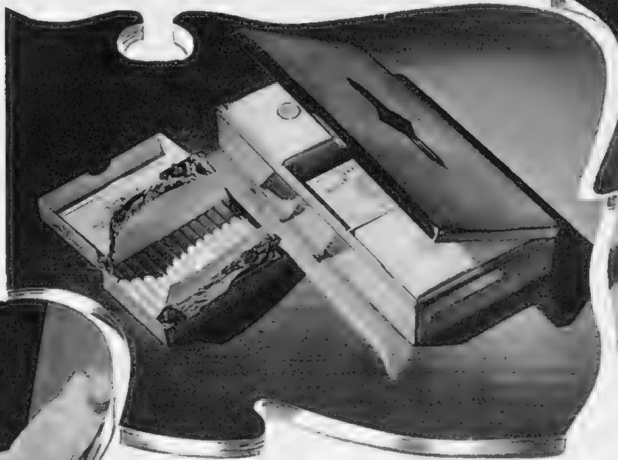
THE TOP OF THE TREE

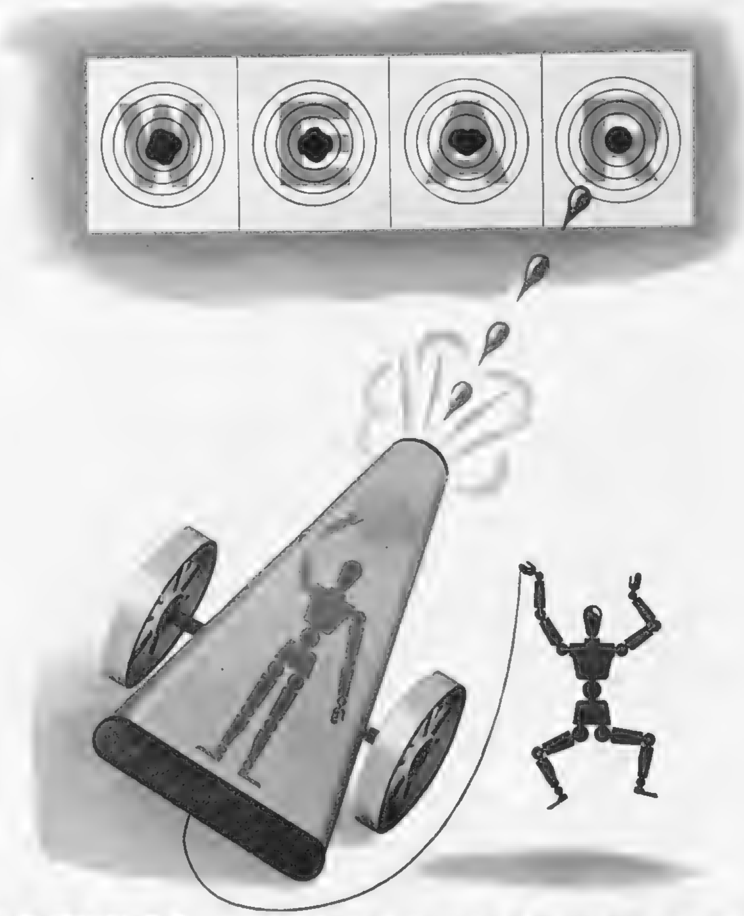
'NICE to think that when your friends are lingering over the port their thoughts will be with you. Give them Dixon's Double Diamond Port and be sure that their thoughts are kind.

ON the right is a sterling silver plate casket, with lacquer decoration, containing State Express cigarettes. The smallest size costs 7s. 6d. and holds 50, while the largest holds 150 and costs 18s. 6d. State Express and Ardath cigarettes are packed in seasonable Packings.



A SPECIAL Gift Case containing one, two, three, or six bottles of Grant's "Stand Fast" Whisky is a most impressive gift. If you have difficulty in getting it, write to Grant's, Dufftown, Scotland, who will arrange for supplies through your wine merchant.

TWO old and tried favourites, whose popularity never wanes—"Black & White" and "Buchanan's Liqueur" whiskies. There could be no more acceptable present than a specially decorated case containing two, three, six, or twelve bottles of either of these world-famous whiskies.



WAR ON WEAR.....

The new Shell lubricating oil carries the war right into the enemy's camp; preventing dry-starting, which is known to be one of the most prolific causes of cylinder wear. It prevents wear because it is fortified with an exclusive oily compound which makes the oil cling to cylinder walls and bearings instead of draining off when the engine cools down. The new Shell oil remains on the cylinders to protect them from corrosion caused by products of combustion, and it makes starting easier because it eliminates the metal-to-metal friction which would otherwise occur when the engine is started from cold.

HUMBER, HILLMAN, SUNBEAM and TALBOT, after exhaustive tests, decided to use and recommend the new Shell oil exclusively.

Double Shell (medium) oil is officially approved by A.C., Armstrong-Siddeley, Austin, Bentley, B.S.A., Citroen, Humber, Hillman, M.G., Morris, Riley, Rolls-Royce, Sunbeam, Singer, S.S., Standard, Talbot, Wolseley, etc., in Winter. Single Shell (light) oil is the winter grade officially approved by Buick, Chrysler, Dodge, Fiat, Ford, Rover, Studebaker, Vauxhall, etc.

NEW SHELL LUBRICATING OIL PREVENTS DRY STARTING

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Ciro Diamonds 8 gns.
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P.S. The Wonderful Ciro Pearl Necklace, 16 in. long, with Solid Gold or Platinum Clasp in Velvet and Silk-lined Presentation Case, costs but £1-1-0, and is, of course, one of the most delightful and most famous of inexpensive Christmas Gifts.
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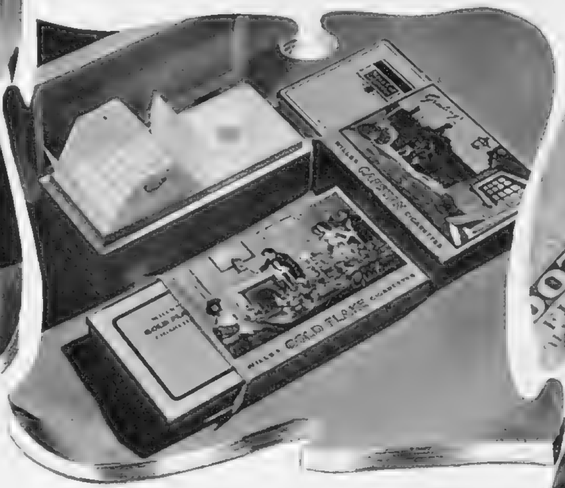

YOU cannot go wrong if you choose Booth's Finest Old Dry Gin, for, specially selected and matured, it adds to the enjoyment of the moment without encouraging subsequent regrets.

FROM one man to another, no gift could be more acceptable than a supply of Crawford's Scotch Whisky. Their "Special Reserve" Liqueur Scotch Whisky is as mellow as old friendship, and their "Five Star" Very Old Liqueur Scotch Whisky is the choice of connoisseurs the world over. Both are packed in single-bottle cartons ready for dispatch.

AN oak cabinet, containing "Gold Flake" Special or "Capstan" Special cigarettes costs 9s. 6d., for 150. The one that holds 100 costs 6s. 6d., and the smallest, holding 50, costs 3s. 10d. "Gold Flake" and "Capstan" cigarettes, in 50's and 100's boxes and tins, are enclosed in Christmas cartons at no extra charge.

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MAKE Sectric Timers of those friends who are so often hurried and flurried. Give them Greenwich time at home, shown by Sectric Clocks which plug in to A.C. mains and need no winding or regulating. Your Jeweller, Electrician or Store will show you a selection from 300 models, priced from 26/-, of genuine all-British Sectric Clocks, conforming to the British Standards Institute specification.

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SMITH SECTRIC CLOCKS Regd.

PLUG IN TO GREENWICH TIME

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PRIME MINISTER IN THE COCKTAIL CABINET

Here is the new Streamline Sparklet . . . smart, modern and worthy to grace the costliest cocktail cabinet. Though it holds as much as a standard syphon, it is light enough to be carried and worked with one hand. Made of specially processed metal, it is sturdy enough to last a strenuous lifetime and thrifty as only a **refillable** syphon can be! In a choice of four colourful finishes . . . two in gleaming chromium, two in lustrous enamel. It is a gift you will be proud to give or glad to get . . . a present with a future!

Ivory Enamel Body with Black Head & Stripes, Style 40 . 37/6
Black Enamel Body with Red Head & Stripes, Style 41 . 37/6
Chromium Body with Red Head & Stripes, Style 20 . . . 42/-
Chromium Body with Black Head & Stripes, Style 21 . 42/-
Sparklet Syphon Style "D" 10/-
Sparklet Bulbs, per dozen 3/6

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Travel . . . . BY SEA BY AIR, BY RAIL

without fear of sickness

At last science has found and perfected a *reliable* antidote to travel sickness. One which is absolutely harmless and free from unpleasant after-effects. It can be taken by young and old without danger. This simple treatment — called "AIRSEA" — is priced at only 7/6, sufficient for a lengthy *return* journey. Obtainable from all good chemists.

AIRSEA BRAND

Owing to the immense success of "Airsea," and in response to public demand for a "single journey" size, "Airsea" is now obtainable in two sizes: 4/- and 7/6.

Illustrated literature, press opinions, testimonials, etc., post free from

THOS. CHRISTY & CO., LTD., 6-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

NOTHING DOING.

(*Continued from page 408.*)

"You always do hold good cards, you old silly. Sorry I left that stupid letter."

"But you always do, sweetheart, when you leave me for ever."

"You are a beast!" she complained, as he kissed her. "But you *were* rude, Ronnie!"

"I meant to be. Who was the chap who said that a gentleman is a man who is never unintentionally rude?"

"Michael Arlen. Where is the letter?"

"Here. Want it back?"

"Yes. Kiss me again, Ronnie."

He did so and ambled off to the bathroom.

In the morning she destroyed the letter and at the same time a second, jerkily-written missive she had found waiting for her at the club of which both she and Myer Rossiter were members.

My Dear Sibyl,

Not on your life!

Marriage is the negation of Art.

Go back to your excellent husband and stop twittering.

You *have* a lovely neck, but it 's the part above the neck which counts, isn't it?

Sorry to be so downright, but you *must* allow a little poetic licence to an Artist. Thine—Myer.

P.S.—He 's quite an amusing fellow, really, and I 'm rather fond of him.

THE END.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, NOVEMBER 24.

Across.—1. Barks. 4. Undercuts. 9. Wards. 11. Overtones. 12. Share. 13. Shy. 14. Stretch. 15. Arden. 17. Feaster. 19. Hearsay. 21. Remarks. 22. Relents. 24. Cares. 25. Stellar. 27. Irk. 29. Studs. 31. Edibility. 32. Sally. 33. Assessing. 34. Tease.

Down.—2. Abash. 3. Kids. 5. Nave. 6. Egret. 7. Clove-trees. 8. Trenchant. 10. Shirt. 11. Order, 15. Assailable. 16. Desk. 18. Eventides. 20. Ever. 22. Ratty. 23. Leads. 26. Atlas. 28. Rolls. 29. Stun. 30. Sage.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA" (Westminster). 7.—Greek tragedy New-Englandised at length. Superb acting.

"ROBERT'S WIFE" (Globe). 8.30.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in a play which makes you ponder. Magnificent acting.

"HIDE AND SEEK" (Hippodrome). 8.15.—Bobby Howes and Cicely Courtneidge at their scintillating best.

"VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—Perfect reproduction of the Victorian era, with Pamela Stanley. Perfect settings by Rex Whistler.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Unlimited laughter.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"THE PHANTOM LIGHT" (Haymarket). 8.30.—Good work by Gordon Harker and Edna Best in a thriller.

"PEOPLE AT SEA" (Apollo). 8.30.—A good Priestley night's psychological entertainment; with excellent acting.

"IT 'S IN THE BAG" (Saville). 8.30.—A very bright revue.

"AUTUMN" (St. Martin's). 8.30.—Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie, Victoria Hopper, in a quadrangular drama.

"ST. MORITZ" (Coliseum). 2.30 and 8.15.—Brilliant ice spectacle, with gold medallist performers.

"GOING GREEK" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Henson, Emney, Hearne and Louise Browne in true Henson vehicle.

"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE" (Royalty). 8.30.—Priestley psychology; Wilfrid Lawson's first-rate interpretation.

"BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL" (New). 8.15.—Dodie Smith's newest. A well-acted play about young people.

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in knockabout farce. Lots of laughter.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in solution of sensational murder.

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS" (Duchess). 8.30.—A thoughtful evening with J. B. Priestley.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"CREST OF THE WAVE" (Drury Lane). 8.15.—Music, dance and spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Ivor Novello.

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"DEAD END" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—A powerful adaptation of a drama set in the New York slums.

"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" (Odeon, Leicester Square).—Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll in a finely staged version of the famous novel.

"THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA" (Carlton).—Paul Muni in a real-life drama vividly reconstructed.

"G'SCHICHTEN AUS DEM WIENERWALD" (Studio One).—A gay and charming musical romance from Vienna.

"THE EDGE OF THE WORLD" (Studio One).—Life on a lonely Scottish island.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"52ND STREET" (London Pavilion).—A "musical" based on the changing fortunes of a famous street.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING

(*Continued*).

"THE SKY 'S THE LIMIT" (Leicester Square Theatre).—A light-hearted comedy starring Jack Buchanan and Mara Losseff.

"ANGEL" (Plaza).—Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas in a Lubitsch variant of the triangle theme.

"LO SQUADRONE BIANCO" (Academy).—An Italian military drama set in the Libyan desert.

"THE LAST ADVENTURERS" (Academy).—A rousing tale of the Grimsby trawlers.

"STAND-IN" (Tivoli).—Leslie Howard and Joan Blondell in a satirical comedy of a Hollywood studio.

"NON-STOP NEW YORK" (New Gallery).—Comedy and thrills on board a Transatlantic air-liner.

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

BY APPOINTMENT

These pieces in white and yellow gold by Hunt & Roskell represent the beginning of a new fashion in diamond jewellery. Their style is unique and modern. Here, in an amazing subtlety of design, jewellery reflects the modern conception of beauty, proving once again the genius which lies behind the craftsmanship of this famous house.

Diamond and Gold Ring £35

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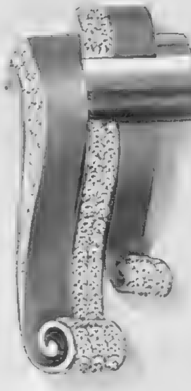
Sapphire, Diamond and Gold Clip £52

Diamond, Sapphire and Gold Bracelet £132

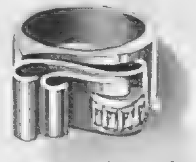
Diamond and Gold Scroll Ear Clips £26



Diamond and Gold Clip £80

Diamond and Gold Ear Clips £26

Sapphire, Diamond and Gold Clip £41



Baguette Diamond and Gold Ring £36

HUNT & ROSKELL LTD.

In alliance with J. W. Benson, Ltd.

25, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

JUST when it seemed that unusually bad luck, backed up by bad weather conditions, would compel Eyston to postpone any further attempts on the world's land-speed record, there came the news on Friday, Nov. 19, that he had set up a new figure of 311·42 miles an hour. This in itself is a remarkable figure, but I was particularly interested to see that in one direction (the record figure being an average of the two runs) he achieved a speed as high as 317·74 m.p.h. For the flying kilometre, which is covered automatically while the mile is in progress, the fastest recorded speed was 319·11 m.p.h.

I have known George Eyston for many years and have formed a habit of backing him in advance to succeed at any venture he tackles. In his long list of exploits there may be failures, although I cannot call one to mind. Circumstances have arisen temporarily to thwart an endeavour, but he has always worked his way steadily through to achieve an ambition. Possibly his latest success is the realisation of his highest hopes, yet somehow I cannot imagine Eyston resting on his laurels. To attain a speed of 311 miles an hour is undoubtedly a whole lot of progress ahead of his other speed exploits, but if I know anything of George Eyston, he will already be thinking of a way in which to apply the new data that he has accumulated.

The new O.H.V. MORRIS 14-H.P. SERIES III. MODEL *is a delightful car.*

I sometimes wonder whether the average motorist pays any appreciable attention to the traffic situation in our big cities, with London as perhaps the most important example. A perusal of the pages of technical motor-journals will indicate that the subject is scarcely ever at rest, and all who give it serious thought are wondering what steps will be taken and how motorists will be treated. There have been veiled and even open threats to control private motorists in the central areas of London. Ministry of Transport officials have occasionally denied that any such action has been contemplated. Almost simultaneously restrictive measures in regard to the parking of private cars in main thoroughfares have been put into operation, and traffic meanwhile grows thicker and thicker.

The average motorist is not aware of the workings of the Ministerial mind, but any observant reader will have noted the increasing frequency with which traffic problems are being mentioned in the Press. When one bears in mind the great increases that are taking place in the number of vehicles on the roads, and the fact that all of us are tending to be on the move more and more it becomes obvious that the traffic problem must be tackled. Certain parts of London are becoming clogged far beyond economic limits, and just recently the present Minister of Transport has made a reference to the "organisation" of private traffic. In clarifying this utterance he has stated that no "immediate" action is contemplated, but

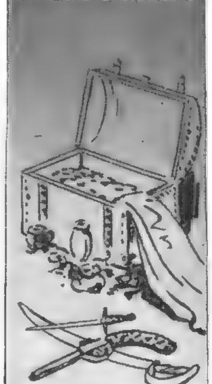
[Continued on page xxiv

Where winter never comes!

Spend the winter in the brilliant sunshine of some of the fascinating resorts of the New World, travelling to New York in the "Queen Mary," "Aquitania," "Berengaria" or other magnificent Cunard White Star liners.

Direct sailings from New York to NASSAU, JAMAICA and W. INDIES by "Berengaria," "Carinthia," "Georgic" and "Britannic."

Also through bookings to BERMUDA, FLORIDA & CALIFORNIA, with connections for Miami, Palm Beach, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Hollywood, etc.



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Cunard White Star

Who goes to Nassau?

Nassau, capital of the Bahamas, lying off the coast of Florida where the Gulf Stream meets the Atlantic, is one of the few places where the cheap cruise has not penetrated. Let us be blunt and say that Nassau is rather a fashionable place — although the cost of living is pretty moderate. You will meet, in Nassau, the sort of people you mix with at home and their American equivalent.

WHAT IS THE CLIMATE LIKE?
Finest winter climate in the world. The temperature ranges between 8.° F. and 90° F. from May to November and between 68° F. and 79° F. from December to May. Nassau has been recognized as a health resort for over 200 years.

ARE THE HOTELS GOOD?
First rate! Very modern with excellent service. Swimming pools, sun verandahs, tennis, squash, badminton, bridge. Private bathing beaches, luxuriant tropical gardens. Continental chefs. Bahamian, American and European dishes.

WHAT IS THE SCENERY LIKE?
Charming old streets and green lawns. Palms, white beaches and an azure sea. Red hibiscus trees, oleanders, cassias and calabash and orchid trees. The old water front. Stately Colonial houses. Modern shops. Native fishing boats and handsome yachts. Fairy-coloured underwater coral gardens.

PLENTY OF SPORT?
Yes. Two golf courses. Tennis. Riding. Polo. Fishing. Shooting (wild pigeon, duck). Sailing. Bathing. Horse-racing.

WHAT IS THE BATHING LIKE?
Magnificent! White sandy beaches and buoyant sapphire seas. Quiet little bays for sunbathing and more elaborate beaches with dressing rooms, music, bars and cafés.

HOW DOES ONE GET THERE?
By Plane—New York to Miami 8 hours, Miami to Nassau by Pan American Clipper 2 hours.
By Train—New York to Miami 30 hours, and then by Plane 2 hours, or overnight by ship.
By Ship—from New York to Nassau 2½ days.
By Pacific Navigation Co., via Azores 12 days.
By Cunard White Star Line, via New York, from 7 days.

I wish to know more about Nassau and the Bahamas. Please send me booklets.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

....

The Bahamas Development Board, Nassau Information Bureau, 211 Piccadilly, W.1.

FLOWS FREELY AT ZERO

Essolube is the only motor oil sold in *__officially sealed__* *glass bottles which is approved by these leading manufacturers. Numbers indicate correct winter grade.*

Austin (40)	**Hudson (30)**
Aston Martin (40)	**Lagonda (40)**
A.C. (Acedes) (30)	**Lincoln (20)**
Atalanta (50)	**Morgan (40)**
Buick (20)	**Morris (40)**
Chevrolet (20)	**M.G. (40)**
Chrysler (30)	**Nash (30)**
Citroen (40)	**Oldsmobile (20)**
Crossley (40)	**Opel (30)**
Delahaye (30)	**Pontiac (30)**
Dodge (30)	**Riley (40)**
Ford (20)	**Rover (20)**
Frazer-Nash (50)	**S.S. (30)**
Frazer-Nash B.M.W. (40)	**Standard (30)**
Graham (30)	**Studebaker (30)**
Lammas Graham (30)	**Terraplane (30)**
Hotchkiss (30)	**Triumph (40)**
	Vauxhall (20)
	Wolseley (40)

More damage is done to motor engines and batteries by starting up in winter on gummy, half-frozen oil than in thousands of miles of running. Winter grade Essolube motor oil never freezes in this climate, yet it maintains its rich protective body at extreme engine heat. The easy starting ***saves your batteries,*** too.

Essolube

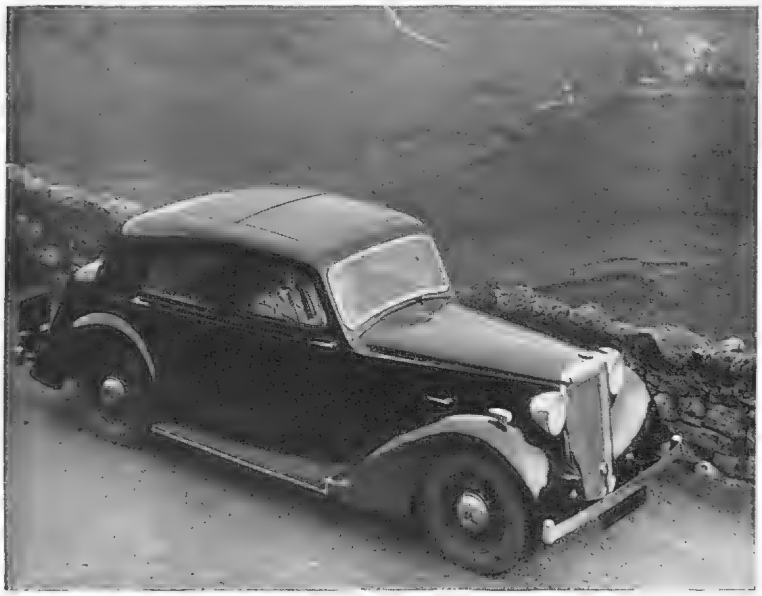
MOTOR OIL

20 (Gold Seal) Light • 30 (Silver Seal) Medium • 40 (Red Seal) Medium Heavy
50 (Blue Seal) Heavy • Racer (Green Seal) Extra Heavy

[Continued.]

there still remains the fact that those in authority realise that something will have to be done in the end. What definite steps will be taken we may not be privileged to know until the suggestions become facts, but the individual private motorist would be well advised to pay attention to everything that he reads or hears, because it is the individual who will be affected most of all.

Perhaps we should be better equipped to defend our interests in the face of the organised activities of other transport branches were we all to think a little more about road problems as they affect each one of us. There has recently been a report on the traffic situation in which surface passenger-vehicles have been playing an important part. Motorists will agree that much of the congestion is caused by convoys of large passenger-vehicles, none of which carry anything approaching full loads. The transport authorities no doubt have arguments with which they would justify the present methods, and one imagines that they are the first to reduce a service to profitable bounds. Nevertheless, wide changes in the system might have to be applied to interrupt the "through" services and instal clearing depots for passengers on the periphery of a zone ringed round the centre of the Metropolis. Suggestions such as the above might be deemed outside the affairs of the private motorist, but such is far from the case. As part of a traffic problem of which he himself is a unit, he is concerned, and no harm will arise from his giving a little thought to this and kindred subjects.

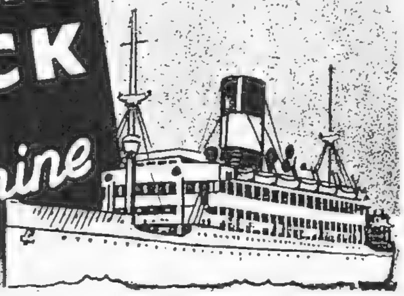


One of the new DAIMLER "FIFTEEN" SPORTS SALOONS *is here posed in Llanberis Pass, North Wales. This model is priced at £485.*

The Operatic Section of the HARRODIAN CLUB *presented "Viktoria and Her Hussar" at the New Scala. Miss Hilda Pollock and Mr. Frederick Blizard played Viktoria and Stefan Koltay*

Motorists going about their rightful business would resent any attempt to "organise" their journeyings in and out of London or any other city. However, something must shortly be done to ease the situation, which is growing to alarming proportions, and the private motorist will doubtless be called upon to yield something towards the solution. Our Minister of Transport gives an impression of fairmindedness, and his actions in regard to private motorists will, we trust, justify our confidence. Nevertheless, no harm can result from letting him appreciate that the interests of the private motorist must be considered strictly on their merits.

VOLTAIRE AND VANDYCK to Summer Sunshine



First Class Only. *Window or porthole in every room.*

Christmas Cruise

DEC. 20. "Vandyck," from Southampton to Madeira (for Christmas Eve festivities), Santa Cruz de la Palma, Las Palmas, Teneriffe and back to Madeira for New Year's Eve celebrations. Returning to Southampton Jan. 5.

16 days from 25 gns.

Passengers will have option of leaving steamer at Madeira on Dec. 24 and rejoining New Year's Day.

West Indies Cruise

FEB. 5. "Vandyck," from Southampton to Madeira, Barbados, Trinidad, St. Lucia, Ciudad Trujillo (Santo Domingo), Kingston (Jamaica), Havana (Cuba), Miami, Bermuda, Ponta Delgada.

46 days from 80 gns.

Madeira Service

T.S.S. "VOLTAIRE." Regular fortnightly sailings during Spring, commencing Feb. 2, from Southampton to Lisbon and Madeira. Homeward accommodation reserved.

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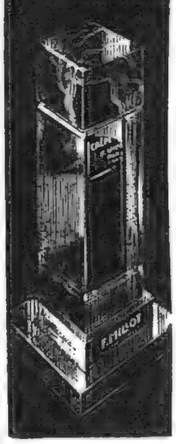
64, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER 2. Tel. BLACKFRIARS 2806. OR TOURIST AGENTS

CREPE DE CHINE



The fragrance of this, one of the newest, and certainly the most exquisite of fashionable perfumes, must be experienced, truly to be appreciated. It is the perfect complement to your beauty. All the better class shops have it, in exquisite glass bottles, for as little as 4/6 for the 'introductory' size. Sent post free against remittance.

Perfume by F. MILLOT Paris

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THE ROYAL WINE FOR ALL FESTIVITIES

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SPECIALLY selected from the very cream of the Pacific Pearl Fisheries the Tecla Collection of fine cultured Real Pearls is unique. But Pearls like this are not for everyone, they are for people who can still appreciate quality in these days of so-called bargains, for people who want Gifts in harmony with the highest conception of Christmas Giving. Tecla has complete Necklaces from 6 guineas and worth every penny of it—a compliment to the good taste of the donor and a tribute to the beauty of the recipient.

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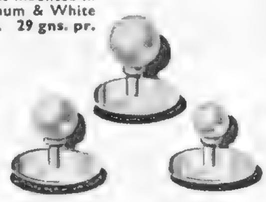
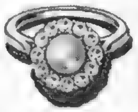


Superlative Pearl and Gold Dress Studs from 1½ gns. each.

18ct. White Gold Ring mounted with Pearl of fine orient and lustre, 3 gns.



Dainty Pearl and Diamond Cluster in Platinum and White Gold, 8 gns.

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IN AFFILIATION WITH THE PACIFIC PEARL TRADERS ASSOC. LTD.

CITY NOTES.

(Continued from page 436.)

" Which is of no present worth."

" It might easily become valuable in the future. Yes: I reckon those preference shares are not dear at a guinea: looking a little way ahead."

" Talking of that, what is going to be the effect of the Anglo-American trade agreement? Which of our industries will it benefit and which will it damage? That 's what I 'd like to know."

" And so say all of us. But do you think it 's any use trying to look so far ahead as next March? "

" I don't see why we shouldn't. We know that Stock Exchange markets discount events a long way ahead. They are discussing it in the House, aren't they? "

" Only in a very general kind of way. Some fellows say it will be good for our woollen and cotton goods."

" Isn't cotton past praying for? From what I see in the advertisements and in the shops, ladies don't wear much cotton nowadays."

" At your advanced age, you have no business to look at such things. Moreover, cotton is used for many other purposes. But as America is a producer of cotton, I don't see how our own cotton trade is likely to benefit from any trade agreement."

" A pact might be useful to branches of our trade that deal in finished goods. Won't motors suffer? "

" How can anyone tell? A number of American cars are assembled in Canada and shipped from there. They come in under a preferential tariff as it is."

" But surely it 's waste of breath to discuss such matters at the present stage of negotiation? There are dozens of points to be considered before we can possibly get definite action between the Governments."

" Of course," said The Broker. " And we wouldn't waste our breath, as you call it, if it were not for the fact that so many people are wasting theirs in an effort to see through the brick wall of tariffs. They can't do it. We must wait and see, that 's all."

" An agreement of that kind should quicken up trade on both sides of the Atlantic."

" I quite agree, and as this country and the United States are badly in need of expanding their exports, a trade-pact ought to do us more than a bit of good."

" Increased foreign business, that 's what we want," The City Editor assented. " Home trade is good, thank Heaven! If it weren't——"

" Oh, don't start that; if you please. Let 's be glad we have this activity in the home industries: there is no use trying to imagine what things would be like if they were different from what they are."

" That 's what people are doing. Seems to me there 's a good deal of rather illogical pessimism in the air."

" Which your Stock Exchange—or the flatness in your markets—tends to encourage."

" Markets are only flat when the supply outstrips demand."

" You people mark down prices before even you are offered the supply."

" If the betting is ten to one that nine men out of ten will come along with shares to sell, do you maintain that the previous prices should still be quoted? "

" Why shouldn't they? "

" Because not even a jobber can stand up and take stock all day long at a time when he knows of no buyer, and when his capital is not entirely unlimited. Is it sense to suppose that any business man would do such a thing? "

" He would probably sell the stock sooner or later. That 's an ordinary risk."

" It 's an ordinary risk in ordinary times, when the sellers are balanced, approximately, by the buyers. But when nearly every man is a seller, and the whole atmosphere is full of uncertainty, is the jobber still to go on taking everything at what you would call normal prices? "

" If you put it like that, maybe there 's something to be said for dealing being difficult in abnormal days. The times——"

" The times," The Jobber interrupted him, " are out of joint: Oh, cursèd spite that you can't come and put us right! "

" I can tell you fellows," said The Broker, " that I 've seen people going round the House, picking up Shells here, and Murex there, and Goldfields and Austins and General Electrics and Imperial Airways and Chemicals and Vickers—to put away and keep for genuine investment. Mind you, this isn't for publication. I am telling you confidentially——"

" And," again The Jobber softly sang, " I ask you confidentially; Ain't he nice! " *Friday, Nov. 26, 1937.*

WHO KNOCKED OFF "ORLOFF"!

The " Orloff " diamond tells a tale
Of felony and crime.
Of course, to knock off " Orloff,"
Might be worth a spot of " time ";
But I'm the law abiding sort,
Who sticks to Double Diamond Port.

It's still within the law to buy a Port which matches the unrivalled beauty of that famous Russian gem. You just pay 6/6 a bottle—and Messrs. Morgan Brothers beg to state that you MUST insist on

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A large number of Bankers and Stockbrokers have described B.I.F. Trust as "THE BEST UNIT TRUST ON THE MARKET."

During the 12 months ended the 30th June 1937 dividends paid on securities held by the Trust have **in no less than 54 cases been increased and in all other cases maintained.**

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Write for interesting illustrated booklet "Concerning Flowers—" quite free from Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, 11, Aldine House, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

MONTE CARLO

CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON 1937-38

SOCIAL EVENTS: Hotel de Paris—opening Gala, *December 20*; INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB—OPENING OF THE SEASON, *December 22*; Christmas Gala, *December 24*; New Year's Gala, *December 31*; International Bridge Tournament, *during January*; Monaco National Fête, *January 17*.

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis) Club Championships, *January 24-30*; INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 28—March 6*; Easter Tournament, *April 18-24*; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 12*; Sporting Club Cup, *February 19*; Bystander Mixed Foursomes, *March 17*; MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 29*.

MUSIC and THEATRE: Concerts (conducted by Bruno WALTER)—Recitals by KREISLER, CORTOT, THIBAUD and BRAILOWSKY; Wagner Festival; Opera — Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 22*; "Tristan and Isolde," *January 29*; Creation "Andersen's Tales," (Grieg Music) *February 27*; Comedy and Operetta Season, *December 18—January 24*; SACHA GUITRY, *January 20*; Comédie Française—official performances *during February*.

There are no better Hotels in the world than the HOTEL DE PARIS and the HOTEL HERMITAGE at Monte Carlo—and their prices are not at all exorbitant. There are other good Hotels there—both large and small—full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXXVII.

EVEN CHANCES.

A REMARKABLE feature of bridge is the regularity with which players miss even chances; I mean fail to take an even chance on the lie of the cards when the taking of that chance is a necessity, not, of course, when success simply means the gathering of an extra trick, while failure entails the loss of many tricks: this last situation may be a mathematical even chance, but it is not a *card* even chance, and so should not be attempted. The cases I refer to are those when there is everything to win and nothing to lose; or, to put it in another way, there is everything to lose unless the even chance is taken. We see this (and suffer from it, too) in numerous cases at defensive play, where declarer has game set unless a defender takes an even chance, or, indeed, a chance that is good odds against; but sooner than make that play, declarer is often made a present of his contract. Here is a not unusual situation of this kind (dummy's cards are purposely shown of high rank)—

SPADES—A, K.
HEARTS—A, K.
CLUBS—x, x.
Dummy

SPADES—x.
HEARTS—x, x. Y Z
CLUBS—A, Q, x.
Player

At no-trumps, YZ need three more tricks to save game. It is Y's lead. It is clear that three tricks can be made only in clubs; Y, however, prefers to lead a spade or heart to make sure of winning his ace-queen of clubs, and so makes sure of losing the game.

But good players often slip up on these even chances, not, of course, in so grotesque a way as in the above example, and when playing the hand at that. Here are two examples I saw lately—

(1)
SPADES—A, x, x.
HEARTS—Q, x, x, x.
CLUBS—K, Kn, x.
DIAMONDS—A, 10, x.

B
Y———Z
A

SPADES—Q, x.
HEARTS—A, K, Kn, 10, 9, 8.
CLUBS—A, Q, x.
DIAMONDS—x, x.

(2)
SPADES—Q, x.
HEARTS—x, x.
CLUBS—10, 9, 8.
DIAMONDS—K, Q, Kn, 10, 9, 8.

B
Y———Z
A

SPADES—A, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5.
HEARTS—A, x, x.
CLUBS—x, x.
DIAMONDS—A, x.

In (1) the contract is a rather optimistic small slam in hearts. Y led the two of spades. After a lot of hesitation, A put up the ace in dummy, thereby making the loss of his contract a certainty, while it must be an even chance who holds the king, and if Y holds it, the contract is a lay-down. Certainly the king of spades might have been single in Z's hand—I don't know the actual chances about that, but they must be round about 33-to-1 against, anyhow. In (2) the bidding has been: A, one spade; Y, two clubs; B, two diamonds; Z, two hearts; and then A, four spades. Y led off with ace, king, queen of clubs, and A trumped the third round. Now what? He may lose two tricks in trumps (spades); on the other hand, he has an even chance of only losing one trick in spades—to the king. He must lead a small spade from his own hand, when, if Y holds the king, the queen will make a trick and the contract is secure; if the king is in Z's hand, two spades must be lost—it is just an even chance, game or one down. But A did not see this, and at trick three led his ace, and then a small trump, and was one down. Here, again, the king might have been single, but here, even if the king is single, two tricks in trumps must be lost.

These even chances can occur in the bidding. Here is an example that turned up when I was playing. At game all, I dealt and bid one spade; next player bid two diamonds; my partner passed, and fourth in hand bid two hearts. I then bid three clubs, next player doubled, when my partner bid three spades, which ended the bidding. Now, my partner's hand was—Spades—Kn, 3, 2; Hearts—10, x, x, x; Clubs—A, 2; and Diamonds—x, x, x, x. The card chances to be looked at here are these, and I am afraid my partner overlooked them altogether: (*a*) is A, 2 as good trump support as Kn, 3, 2? (*b*) three clubs doubled is a game bid; is it sound to take out that bid into the non-game-going bid of three spades? (*c*) should an adverse double *ever* be taken out on such a type of hand, or should the decision be left to original bidder? I am not saying my partner was wrong, but there is a nice little problem here. I myself would have passed in his position.

ENOUGH TO READ FROM NOW TILL NEW YEAR'S EVE

DELIGHTFUL STORIES

"SQUARE AND EVEN": *by D. L. Murray*
"BRITONS NEVER": *by Dorothy Black*
"STRANGERS IN OUR MIDST": *by Marguerite Steen*
"BIRTHDAY HONOURS": *by Laurence Kirk*
"DOUBLE IN DIAMONDS": *by Dalton Trumbo*
"THE UNSLEEPING REGIMENT": *by Garnett Radcliffe Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.*
"OLD TALES RETOLD. A CHRISTMAS PAGEANT AT GREENWICH." WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED: *by F. Matania, R.I.*

ABSORBING ARTICLES

"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE AND CIRCUS": *by Frank Foster*
"GAS-LIT LONDON": *by Harry J. Greenwall*
"IN SEARCH OF FOOD": *by Negley Farson*
"KING FROST": *by C. Patrick Thompson Decoration by Eric Fraser*
"THAT OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS": *by Philip Page (6 pages)*
"DEVIL'S ISLAND TO DIE": *by Ferdinand Tuohy*
BOOKS REVIEWED: *by Arnold Palmer*
MOTORING SECTION: *by the Earl of Cardigan*

HOME AND FASHION Section

TWO PAGES FROM A CHRISTMAS SCRAPBOOK
SO LET'S HAVE A NEW-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS: *by Olive Randall*
"CHILDREN'S PARTY POLITICS": *by Elizabeth Hughes Hallett*
FUN AND GAMES FOR CHRISTMAS: *by Rosamond Harcourt Smith*
PARTY FROCKS: *by Jean Burnup*
GLASS HOUSES FOR 1939?: *by Winifred Lewis*
HEALTH AND BEAUTY: *by "Chrysis"*
DO YOUR CHAIRS HARMONISE?: *by Winifred Lewis*
WOMAN'S TALK: *by Jean Burnup*
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Cannes.–Hotel Grande Bretagne.–Quiet, shelt'd, l'ge sunny park, motor service, cas., golf. Pension terms f'm 12/6 and 15/- or 4 Gns. and £5.0.0 wk.

Cannes. — Iles Britanniques. — Central. All comfort. Sunny Park. Near Casino and Sea. Open all the year. Moderate terms.

Cannes.–Hotel Montfleury.–Full sth., mod. Bath tel., each rm. Large park o'looking Cannes & sea. 2 mins. bus, town & Casino. G. Tamme, Mgr. Dir.

Menton.—Hotel Atlantic and Malte.—1st Class yet moderate. Central and sunny in nice garden. Noted for catering.

Menton.–Hotel des Anglais.–A fam. English htl. on sea f'nt. Sunny and quiet. Priv. b'ch, free gar. T'ms fr. 4 gns. p. wk. Arrangem't for long stay.

Menton.—Riviera Palace.—200 rooms. Full South — unrivalled views. Park 15 acres. Tennis. Garage.

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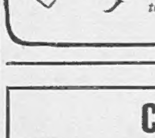

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